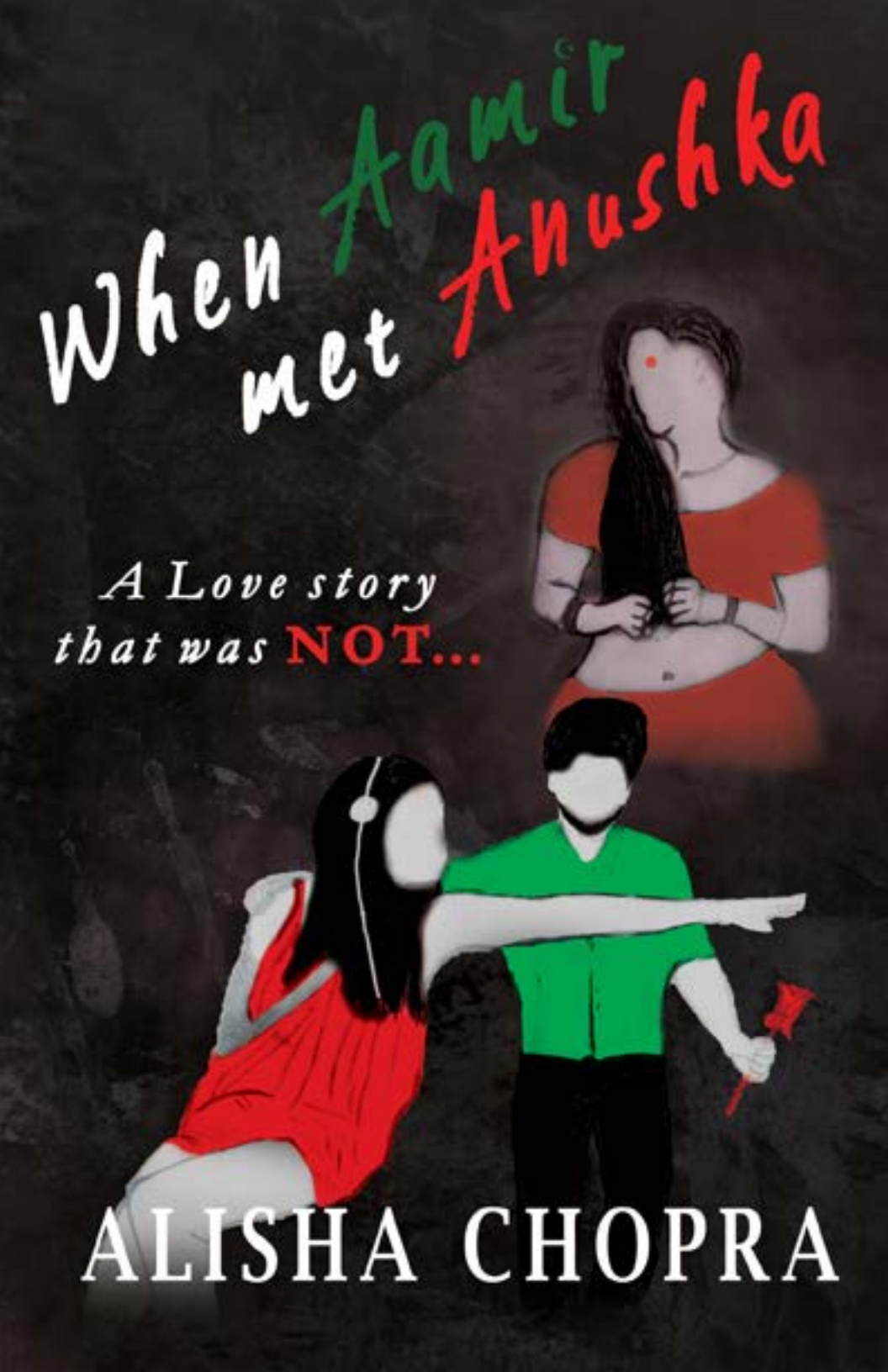
When Aamir met Anushka

A Love story that was **NOT...**



ALISHA CHOPRA

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When Aamir met Anushka

A love story that was NOT…

ALISHA CHOPRA

I dedicate this book to Agniveer, its president Dr Vashi Sharma, and founder Sanjeev Newar whose writings opened my eyes to the sinister conspiracy of Love Jihad.

- Alisha Chopra

As I freeze the final draft of the book, I can see breaking news flashing on TV. Suhaib Ilyasi, celebrated anchor and son of Jameel Ilyasi - head of All India Imams Organization, convicted for murdering wife Anju.

DISCLAIMER

This is a work of fiction. Love Jihad is real though. The names, characters, business, events, and incidents are derived from author's imagination by rearranging news reports in public domain and authors' life experiences creatively. Any resemblance with actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is a case of someone thinking too much in wrong direction. But no one can deny that every non-fantasy fiction is based on inputs author receives in real life - either directly or through different sources of information.

Since there is mention of some religious terms and people, I want to make clear that these are to be interpreted only within context of the fictitious characters and events. Any attempt to interpret them as general views of author in real life is again an exaggeration. Author has deep respect for all faiths that value mutual acceptance - where the Paradise has someone reciting Hanuman Chalisa next to someone offering Namaz besides someone singing "Jingle Bells".

Let me repeat. Love Jihad is real.

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Aamir : Anushka's boyfriend, 22

Deepika : Anushka's sister, 16

Mr Gupta : Anushka's father, 45

Mrs Gupta : Anushka's mother, 41

Dadi Maa : Anushka's grandmother

Chachi : Anushka's aunt, widow of Mr Gupta's younger brother who died in an accident, 37, lives with Guptas, later became Sabina

Sushant : Only boy in Chachi's life, her son, 10

Fakir : Ajmer Shrine's famous miraculous fakir

Saif : Aamir's cousin, Deepika's lover

Man / Caller : Unknown person bothering Anushka on phone

1

THE JEALOUS CALLER

Anushka had vomited twice in last ten minutes. She was cooking Chicken-Biryani for the first time. 'Will he like it? Are salt and pepper ok? Oh, God!' She rushed to the washroom to vomit for the third time. It was not easy for someone who had never touched a chicken.

Aamir was coming over dinner. Mrs and Mr Gupta had left for Amritsar this morning for niece's marriage. Anushka and Deepika got delayed by a day due to latter's college. They would be leaving by the train next morning. Chachi would have to skip the marriage because of Sushant's exam.

Anushka was admiring herself in the mirror. 'I am sexy. Let me adjust the top a bit. The size is made just for me. Completely decent family dress and a slight tilt ahead to attract my love. I could have attracted anybody. But Aamir is different. He is naughty but decent. He loves me, not my body. He deserves to look inside. He is mine.'

The phone rang. 'Oh, God! Think of my love, and here he calls! Naught boy always comes to know when I am thinking dirty.'

She accepted the call immediately. Her right hand was still adjusting the top. She realized a split-second later that it was an unknown number.

A heavy baritone voice.

Caller : Your life is in danger.

Anushka : Who is this?

She switched the phone to another hand.

Caller : That is not important. You are trapped.

Anushka : How?

Caller : You are in love with a wrong man.

Anushka : What do you mean?

Caller : He will convert you. And then probably sell you.

Anushka : Oh shut up, you rascal. I will call the police. Don't call me again. Who told you I am going to convert? And where will anyone sell me? Online?

Are you mad?

Caller : You love Aamir. Don't you? You will marry him. Won't you? What will happen then? Will Aamir accept you as you are today?

Anushka : None of your business. I am going to the police. You are harassing me. You, fanatic religious bigots, bring religion in everything. Love is above religions, moron. Never call me again.

Caller : If love is above religion, why is love above your religion but not his? Why are you changing your religion and he is not changing his?

Anushka : Get lost. Stop stalking me.

She disconnected the call. The call made her uncomfortable.

But this had happened earlier as well. She knew people are jealous. She is hot and a Hindu. Aamir is handsome and a Muslim. There are many reasons for people to be heart-broken.

'Forget it. How about putting those ear-rings for the evening! Let me see if Aamir notices them.' She started admiring herself in the mirror again.

'It's already 8. Let me hurry up.'

2

THE GIFT

Aamir burped after having best chicken-biryani of his life. He went to the kitchen to thank his love. He hugged Anushka from behind who was cleaning the slab. He started kissing her. His hands were all over her. 'Oh no not now,' She said while pushing him reluctantly. 'Deepika is home, Chachi and Sushant are upstairs too.'

'Oh come on! Saali aadhi gharvaali hoti hai (sister-in-law is half wife),' whispered Aamir in her ears!

Both laughed.

'Deepika,' called Anushka.

'Yes, Didi,' she replied.

'Go get some ration for the kitchen. Flour, sugar, salt, Jeera and juice are finished. What will we have for lunch when we come back from marriage next week?'

'Ok, Didi,' Deepika said.

Deepika left for the supermarket. The lovers smiled looking at the container of flour. It was full.

Aamir : The earrings are awesome.

Anushka : Glad that you noticed. I thought you noticed only Biryani. You were talking only about Biryanis.

Aamir : Darling, people were around. I noticed not just the ear-rings but also your dress.

Anushka : I am looking good, na.

Aamir : You are gorgeous. And when you bent twice to serve Biryani, I saw something more.

Anushka : What?

Aamir : Let me see again.

Aamir laughed.

Anushka : Dirty boy. Don't you feel ashamed?

Aamir : Don't pretend now. OK? You wore that top for me. I know you. In fact, I ate so much only to get more servings from you.

Anushka : Shameless. Was biryani not tasty?

Aamir : Of course, it was the best biryani of my life. But my chick is even better. Can I see a bit more?

Aamir turned her to face her back and brought his hands towards her neck.

Anushka (pushing him with her elbow, and laughing): You are becoming a bad boy.

Aamir : Ouch. It hurts. I just wanted to give you a gift. Look baby, see what I have for you!

Anushka : Sorry, What is it?

Aamir : Close your eyes first!

Anushka : Nothing naughty? Promise?

Aamir : Promise.

Anushka : (closed her eyes)

Aamir : (took out the diamond pendant, put it around her neck gently) Now open your eyes.

Anushka : (Seeing herself in the mirror, Aamir had hugged her from behind) Oh baby, this is so beautiful! You are the best lover. Umm (kissed him on cheeks).

Aamir : This is not an ordinary pendant. Look whats written on it.

Anushka : What is it? Which language?

Aamir : It is Arabic! It means Allah is great! He will protect you from evil eye always.

Anushka : Aww, so cute. You are best. What do you want in return-gift? (Gave a naughty smile)

Aamir : You know what I want (embracing her in his tight arms, carrying her to bed).

3

THE SYMBOL OF LOVE

Aamir got his return gift finally. And Anushka loved every moment. Every touch, every pinch, every bite - it was different. It hurt, but it was lovely. Aamir had his flair. He would do everything just to please Anushka. And Anushka enjoyed every bit.

Aamir put his mouth over hers. Parted the cleavage and drew a straight line over her soft skin with the pendant's sharp edge. She wanted to shout in pain.

But Aamir held her mouth tightly. He withdrew gradually and whispered, 'OK. I will do gently. Just do not shout. Wait to see what I have for you.'

Aamir sealed her mouth again with his.

He made some more lines over her chest. Blood started oozing. Anushka would cry at slightest pain. But she could stand boldly today for her love.

'Look I have made the symbol of our love on your heart.' Aamir withdrew his mouth again.

Anushka (crying in pain)

Aamir : Look at the pendant. This is Allah. Our love is divine. (Wiped the blood to make lines clearer. Clicked a pic on his mobile.)

Anushka was still crying.

Aamir: Sorry my love. I had to give you pain. But it was because our love is pure. It is Allah's blessing.

Anushka : I can even die for you. This is nothing.

Aamir : My brave girl.

He kissed her cleavage and started playing with her breasts.

His hand gradually moved down her body. Soon they were lost again.

The call of evening flashed her mind. She pulled up Aamir's head to her heart. Aamir continued to caress her with tongue and hand.

Anushka : I want to ask you something.

Aamir : What, my sweetheart?

Anushka : Our love is above religion, hai na?

Aamir : Of course, it is (while checking her phone).

Anushka : If it is, why did you say that day that I might need to convert to your religion? Is it really needed that I change my religion? I already have Allah in my heart. Just asking, as I can do anything for love, no big deal.

Aamir : Yes, that is necessary for satisfying my family. But why all this now? Let us make full use of the time! We are already married now, after seal of Allah.

Aamir started fondling her again while she went deep into the ocean of emotions inside her heart. Something felt dissonant all of a sudden.

'What about my family's satisfaction?' she asked herself. That religious fanatic on the phone had done some damage, it seemed. But soon, hormones took over.

4

CELEBRATION IN PAIN

Anushka was in pain. Last night didn't go too well for her. She had to undergo something unnatural and nasty on Aamir's insistence which she had never liked. She was not able to walk. And chest was burning. But there is no love without pain. Aamir had come early morning to drop Anushka and Deepika to the railway station.

'Take care you two, see you on Sunday,' he said while hugging Deepika.

It was Anushka's turn now.

'Sorry for last night. I know it hurt you, won't happen again,' he whispered in Anushka's ears.

Train arrived. The sisters boarded. Deepika had found the seats. Her sister was still pretending to search them trying to avoid eye contact. Anushka's eyes were still wet.

It was the evening of Ladies' Sangeet at Amritsar. Mothers, aunts, grandmothers etc had occupied the

centre of the farmhouse decorated like a bride. The women were singing Shagun songs (Shagun ke gaane/ Shagna de Geet in Hindi/Punjabi) while the young girls were shaking legs on their tunes. The bride-to-be was looking beautiful. Along with her pretty girls that were performing on their turns to make the evening memorable. Anushka was her bestie from childhood. One of the luckiest bridesmaids. She wore her favourite red Saree.

It was Anushka's turn to dance.

Moms, aunts, grandmas, sisters, cousins and friends were all excited. Anushka had been the most beautiful girl in the extended family and locality. Most loving and pampered girl in the family. Daddy's Princess. Mom's pride. Protected from childhood by tall and handsome Punjabi cousins. Favourite of all. Grandmother's fairy. Elder Sisters' loving doll. Younger sisters' mentor. Leader of the locality's girls' gang. An ace dancer.

It was a Dandiya night year ago that gifted her with the love of her life. Flawless in all respects, Anushka was looking for a partner of her stature on Dandiya when she was introduced to Aamir via a common

friend. The rest was history. The Princess had got her prince charming. She was now complete.

But today, it was different. The fairy of the town was feeling down. Not in a position to dance. She had practised for this day for months. But last night's mishap had taken a heavy toll on her delicate self - both physical and mental. She was about to cancel performance when she looked into the bride's eyes. Full of confidence, love and pride for her cousin. Anushka had a big heart. Couldn't say no. She performed.

Everyone was discussing the thrilling performance next morning. Anushka mesmerised everyone with her charm and incredible energy. The girls envied her. Everyone got busy with wedding day's preparations. However, Anushka was in a gynaecologist clinic without informing anyone. She managed to dance last evening. But could not stop bleeding as a result. She could not forget that night yet. Neither could her body.

Anushka went straight to bed without talking to anyone. Soon, the mothers, aunts and friends were in her room. 'Nothing happened, just a bit tired because of yesterday's performance,' she assured everyone.

Grandma stayed with her. Everyone was gone. Princess' head was now resting in granny's lap who was caressing her hair gently in affection.

Anushka : I love you Dadi Maa.

Dadi Maa : I know, my fairy. Love you too. Now, take rest. I will see the chores.

Anushka : Be with me, Dadi Maa. Don't go.

Dadi Maa : Are you alright? (Taking her hand in hers and kissing it)

Anushka : (starts crying slowly).

Dadi Maa : What happened? Tell me. Did anyone say anything? Your Dad? Uncle? Brothers? Mother or sisters? Or friends? I will see each one of them. Just tell me who brought tears in my darling's eyes.

Anushka : Nobody, Dadi Maa. No one said anything. Who can dare do that with you on my side?

Dadi Maa : No, tell me. Who did this to my bubbly doll? There will be no celebration until I don't punish him. Who is it?

Anushka : (kissing granny's cheeks) Oh, no one

Dadi Maa. I could not come when Dadaji (grandfather) passed away. I could not come when you needed me. Got emotional thinking that. Nothing else.

Dadi Maa : Oh my lovely girl. You think too much. You have grown up now. My pride!

Anushka : (after 5 minutes of silence) Dadi Maa, what is religion? Why do we follow it?

Dadi Maa : What happened, sweetie? You never asked that before!

Anushka : Tell me, please.

Dadi Maa : Our religion is what our parents followed. And what their parents followed. And then their parents and so on… We follow it because our parents followed it.

Anushka : Is not God one for all?

Dadi Maa : Yes, He is one for all.

Anushka : Then why do humans have so many different religions?

Dadi Maa : They all lead to same God.

Anushka : So God does not differentiate between

religions?

Dadi Maa : No.

Anushka : Thanks, Dadi.

Anushka was relieved. The mental pain had vanished. Physical one was getting gradually neutralised with pills. The marks on the chest were turning into ornaments.

5

HATE VS LOVE

Wedding's preparations were going in full swing. There was a friendly Antakshari competition between the teams of boys and girls. Anushka was leading latter. And then rang her phone. Anushka left the game, asked others to carry on.

Caller : Your life is in danger.

Anushka : Stop your nonsense.

Caller : Don't marry him.

Anushka : None of your business.

Caller : It is. Don't get me wrong. I am someone very close. Believe me. As close as family. Listen to what I say.

Anushka : How is my life in danger?

Caller : Do you know you will be forced to convert to his religion to get married?

Anushka : No. He respects all religions equally. He

is not like that. We have visited Dargahs and temples together. And mind you, all religions are equal. God is same everywhere. It doesn't matter what you do or where you visit.

Caller : What did you do in Dargahs and temples?

Anushka : We offered Chaddar in Dargah. We worshipped in the temple.

Caller : Did he worship alongside you in the temple?

Anushka : He was with me. He accompanied me till the temple's gate.

Caller : Why?

Anushka : It is his religion, his choice. I am concerned about how he treats me. And he has no problem with my faith. Why should he worship as per my faith? Idol worship is sin in his religion; he had told me several times. So he did not do it. What is your problem?

Caller : But you prayed in Dargah with him. If you can, why can't he?

Anushka : (no reply).

Caller : Ask him if he can marry you after converting to your religion instead.

Anushka : Look, his family is a bit conservative. We will marry as per their beliefs, but in reality, I will be Anushka alone. Aamir doesn't think all this. We will live separately. So no big deal.

Caller : Do you know what happens when you give an affidavit to change your religion?

Anushka : No need. Religion is my personal affair. Not your business.

Caller : Do you know that as soon as you change your religion and accept Aamir's, you surrender your legal right to be the only wife of Aamir to him?

Anushka : What nonsense? I don't want to talk to you. What rubbish? There is something called as law.

Caller : Yes. As per that same law, if you accept Aamir's religion and marry him, Aamir will have right to marry three more women even without your consent as per Indian Law.

Anushka : Come on. Don't talk childish. Nothing like that.

Caller : I am sending you the link of Aamir's religion's Personal Law under which your marriage will be legally registered. Read it and revert.

Anushka : (checking it online) You are right. But that doesn't change anything. He is not going to do it. He is a good man. He respects women.

Caller : Maybe. But if he respects women, why does he want to marry you under these very laws at all? He is free to marry you outside his religion's personal law by converting to your religion. If even after that choice, he is sticking to his personal religion's law, isn't there something fishy?

Anushka : What do you mean?

Caller : If he loves you so much, if he is not like others and if he respects all religions then why the hell is he hell-bent on marrying you under the same laws which he can use later to make you 2nd or 3rd or 4th wife? He can simply say I don't believe in these laws as they are disrespectful to women. I will marry like a common Indian. Why doesn't he do it?

Anushka : (Silent).

Anushka : Don't worry. I know him. He will never

hurt me. He loves me so much. Thank you.

Caller : He may not marry a 2nd woman. But do you know what he can still do?

Anushka : What?

Caller : He can always blackmail you to follow him in everything. He will make you a slave. You can not resist. Because he knows that you know he has legal right to bring another woman into your house and lives without your will. So you will silently bear everything.

Anushka : But he knows I can go to court.

Caller : Against whom?

Anushka : Against his act of marrying another woman.

Caller : But you have already signed the marriage contract when you converted to Aamir's religion which clearly gives him right to him to marry up to four women. You have nothing to say legally.

Anushka : I can go to court and take divorce.

Caller : No. Because as per Aamir's religion's law

(sanctioned by Constitution of India), the wife can not divorce husband. But the husband can divorce wife anytime unilaterally. He can kick you out of marriage and home any time even on an SMS or a Whatsapp message.

Anushka : This can't be real. Aren't you aware of Supreme Court's decision just a few days ago? What did it say? It abolishes Triple Talaq completely. Now both husband and wife have equal rights there too. But haters like you will still blame it.

Caller : Get your facts clear. Don't get fooled by TRP-hungry media channels. They don't have brains to decipher court's judgement.

Anushka : What do you mean?

Caller : Court has banned only instant Talaq. Earlier Triple Talaq uttered by husband would be applied with immediate effect. Now, it will be effective once the period of a few weeks is over. If the husband doesn't change his mind in this period, his Talaq will be forced after few weeks.

Anushka : No media channel showed it.

Caller : They have ratings to obtain and their lives

to save. They also didn't tell you that any Aamir or Tariq can marry four women at a time. Did you know it before?

Anushka : But, at least now husband can rethink over his decision in the given time. Wife gets more time to convince husband.

Caller : Isn't it insulting to wife? By that logic, even slowly slaughtering a goat over hours time is full of compassion as compared to instant slaughter. It gives more time to goat to induce sympathy in butcher's heart. Isn't it?

Anushka was stunned.

Caller : Now husband can blackmail wife for weeks whenever he desires. Imagine a girl succumbing to every demand of husband to save her marriage after he has given one talaq and then the second talaq. And he keeps doing this whenever he desires. What if that happens to you?

Anushka was speechless.

Caller : Listen. Aamir is a fanatic. He believes that those who do not believe in his faith are worst creatures. And he has divine right to do anything with

disbelievers. He will fool you, use you, destroy you and serve his faith. You are trapped. Just get out.

Caller cut the call.

The religious fanatic stranger had tried shaking Anushka's love. But her love was beyond religions, laws, country and family. Aamir and only Aamir was she could dream of. Just when the clouds of doubts started to cast a shadow over her love, she was rescued. Again rang the phone. Thank God, it was the sweetheart this time! Hey baby, let's go on a movie date once you come back from Amritsar. There is a new movie of Aamir Khan - PK!

Anushka was on top of the world! Aww, a movie of the favourite actor in the arms of his sweetest namesake lover! What more could she have asked for? The phone call from prince charming had vanished all pain of that night and confusion cast by a stranger. She was now in another confusion! What will I wear for the date? Oh! I have nothing to wear! Does he like red?

6

THE COMPASSION

It was celebration time in Amritsar while trouble knocked the gates back home in Delhi. In the evening, Sushant had fallen severely ill. Fever would not control. Chachi was all alone. In panic. She called Anushka up for help. Latter never disappointed anyone. One phone call. And Aamir was on his way.

Aamir had arrived with the doctor. Chachi didn't have words to thank Aamir. Out of nowhere, the saviour had appeared. It was late in the night. Aamir had gone to get medicines from medical store. Since the markets had closed, he had to get those from the nearest hospital which was 12 Kms away.

It was 12.30 in the night. Chachi had given medicines to Sushant. He was still restless because of hours of fatigue and illness. Chachi was not able to see him suffer. She cried. Aamir asked her to be strong for her son. His strong words gave her much needed solace.

Aamir massaged Sushant's head. He applied ice

strips on his forehead when the temperature did not drop. He was doing everything at his disposal to help the little one. He wanted to do everything possible for him and his troubled mother. He even removed his Tabeez (armlet) and tied it on Sushant's arm. He recited something in Arabic. It was the prayer he learnt from Ajmer's famous Fakir. The armlet too was gifted by him. Chachi could notice the compassionate stranger despite her own grief. She knew Aamir as Anushka's boyfriend before. He was always very helpful and kind. He would drop her sometimes to Sushant's school to pick him up. But today, it was a feeling much deeper and stronger. Kindest act for a mother is when someone treats her children with love. And Aamir had saved her the whole world of hers today. He had given away even his religious armlet for the sake of her child. He was indeed special! She was overwhelmed.

Chachi : Aamir Beta, thank you so much.

Aamir : Please, don't say that. I am not an outsider. And you are too young to be my Chachi (attempted to lighten up the tensed environment)!

Chachi : Oh come on, Aamir (blushing)! But

seriously, you are the best person I know. Nobody does to their own people what you have done for us today.

Aamir : Am I not yours?

Chachi : You certainly are (taking his face in her hands). See your love made me cry (tears rolled down). Happy tears!

Aamir : Please don't cry. Our Prophet said - 'if a woman has tears in her eyes in front of you, you will be asked on judgement day'. He also said that grief of one innocent man is the grief of entire humanity.

There was silence for a few minutes. It would break with every mild sobbing sound she made periodically.

Chachi : I never felt so lonely. Two years ago, when Sushant's Daddy died, I thought all is lost. I had little Sushant in my arms. I didn't know what I will do now. Time gradually healed wounds to some extent. But every time something like this happens, it feels as if he had just died leaving behind his child and me to face our cruel fate. (crying helplessly)

Aamir : (puts his hands on her shoulders) You are

a fighter. Not many women can stand what you went through.

Chachi : You understand others so much! Thank you, Aamir for being such a nice human being.

Aamir : Why do you look worried now? Sushant is now sleeping well and sound.

Chachi : Yes, he is. You know Aamir, all three of us would visit Ajmer Shrine every year on Sushant's Birthday when his father was alive. We have not visited it since his demise. I fear if his illness has got something to do with that.

Aamir : Why do you think so?

Chachi : Actually I married his father when I was 21. I could not conceive even after five years of our marriage. All medical reports were absolutely normal. Doctors failed to figure out what was wrong. Then one Dr Zaidi started a new treatment and suggested us to do a Mannat (wish) in the name of Saint of Ajmer. I did. Six months later, I found I was pregnant. We went to thank Dr Zaidi for the treatment, but he refused to take credit. He told us that treatment was just for name's sake. You are going to be a mother

because of the blessings of Fakir of Ajmer. It is a miracle from him.

We went Ajmer to thank Peer Baba. Since then, we visited his Darbar every year. But since last two years… (fainted again)

Aamir : World doesn't end with one person. Pack your bags. We are going Ajmer tomorrow.

Chachi : (stunned) What are you saying? We can't do that, Aamir. I have troubled you enough. Don't want you to bother any further. After all, you too have your work, family and life. I can't do that.

Aamir : (silent)

Chachi : Now what happened? Try to understand, Aam..

Aamir : I know. Why you don't want to go.

Chachi : Why?

Aamir : Because I do not belong to your religion. And you don't trust me.

Chachi : (completely shaken) How could you even think like that, Aamir? You are going to marry

Anushka soon. She is like my daughter. You will be my son-in-law. Why would I not trust you? Never say it again.

Aamir : You are lying. If you believe me as part of your family, don't say no.

Chachi : What will our family say? It looks odd, Aamir.

Aamir : Which family? They left you alone. They are celebrating the wedding week in Amritsar. Are they bothered? Do they know what you and Sushant are going through? If they are not concerned, why are you?

Aamir was correct. She had no response to his argument.

Chachi : Today is Wednesday. They are coming back on Sunday. How can we go? Sushant has an exam on Saturday.

Aamir : We leave tomorrow (Thursday) morning. We reach Ajmer in the evening. We stay at one of the hotels I know in the night. We visit Ajmer shrine Friday morning. We come back by Friday night. Sushant will attend his school on Saturday.

Aamir's selflessness and sacrifice for her family had left Chachi speechless. She had nothing to say now. With eyes full of droplets. Cheeks completely wet. She wanted to thank him. Aamir took her face in his hands. His gentle but firm hands consoled the lady. His touch was refreshing. Like first rain on the burning sand. She had been rescued for the second time within 3 hours. He kissed her forehead, 'May Allah bless you.'

7

SAVIOR WAS AGAIN THE SAME

In Amritsar, Anushka had a dance rehearsal in the morning. She was dressed up along with other girls. However, she was worried for Sushant. She rang Chachi.

Anushka : Hello, Chachi Namaste!

Chachi : Namaste Beta.

Anushka : What is this sound Chachi? Your voice is not clear. It seems as if you are running in the heavy wind.

Chachi : (hesitantly) Signals are poor since last night. We are at home.

Anushka : Ok. How is Sushant now?

Chachi : He is feeling better now.

Anushka : Give him the phone. I want to talk to my Golu.

Chachi : He is sleeping. He was restless whole

night. Has slept in the morning only with difficulty.

Anushka : Ok, let him sleep Chachi, don't wake him up. Did Aamir come on time yesterday? I hope he reached timely.

Chachi : Aamir came within an hour of my call to you. Thank you so much.

Anushka : Did he take care of things well? Hope he helped you.

Chachi : He came instantly with a doctor. He went to the other part of the city to bring medicines as the market was closed the late night. He sat beside Sushant whole night giving head-massage and applying ice-strips! He has left just an hour ago! He promised to come again in the afternoon. He is an angel, Anushka! Have not seen a guy like him. He is a gem. Golden heart! Lucky you!

Anushka : (blushing proudly) Am I not good, Chachi? You are on his side now! You changed sides quickly!

Chachi : Hahaha! And how are wedding preparations going?

Anushka : Excellent Chachi. We are missing you and Sushant.

Chachi : We are missing you too.

Anushka : Ok Chachi, going for dance rehearsal. Will call in the afternoon. Bye. Take care. Lots of love to Golu.

Chachi : Bye, take care.

Chachi released a sigh of relief. The train had entered Rajasthan's territory. She looked at Aamir who was sitting on opposite berth. They both smiled.

A minute later, Aamir's phone rang.

Aamir : Hello

Anushka : Hello, Aamir what is this sound of wind? Seems some serious problem with my network! Just spoke to Chachi and same disturbance! Now with you!

Aamir : Hi love, yes, must be some problem with your connection. I can hear you clearly.

Anushka : Ok, leave it. So you have started impressing my family!

Aamir : (in innocence) What happened?

Anushka : Chachi has told me everything.

Aamir : What everything?

Anushka : Don't pretend to be ignorant. You know what I mean. You know Aamir, I love you so much. I am proud to have found a guy like you. I am the luckiest girl on earth. Promise me you will always be like this. Promise that you will never leave me.

Aamir : That was my duty, Baby. Your family is mine now! After all, I am son-in-law-to-be to your family! I am yours only. I love you so much.

Anushka : Aww, dying to see you, Baby.

Aamir : Me too. When are you coming back?

Anushka : On Sunday. Let's go movie on Monday as we decided.

Aamir : Promise. Love you.

Anushka : Love you, baby. Take care.

Aamir was relieved too! They both smiled seeing each other. Sushant was asleep. Train was going at full speed.

The three left hotel room early in the morning to avoid late hours rush at the shrine. Aamir had family relations with one of the shrine's trustees. There was a separate arrangement for their quick and smooth visit.

Mother prayed for the well being of her child. She also apologised to the Peer Baba for not visiting the grave for last two years. After prayers, they were taken to a guest house where a miraculous Sufi saint used to meet select people and guide them on the quickest path to the fulfilment of wishes. There were five other families too waiting for a saint.

After an hour, it was Chachi's turn. She, her son and Aamir went inside. Lavish room with top quality opaque glass and marble. Smoke with pleasant but strange fragrance. A Fakir covered from head to toe in green with eyes closed.

Fakir : (eyes closed) How is the child now?

Chachi and Aamir were stunned! How does he know that? How can someone know what is going in other's mind? Greatest miracle had become evident in first instant itself. There was nothing to ask now! For the first time, she was before someone who knew

everything! She had realised this was the perfect place. It was all Aamir's insistence. Oh my God! Had I not listened to Aamir, I would have missed biggest day of my life!

Fakir : (angrily, eyes still closed) If you have nothing to ask, go back. Let next lot come in. Why wasting my time?

Chachi : I apologise Baba! Due to my ignorance, I couldn't react appropriately. Child is better now with your blessings. (touch Baba's feet, said Chachi to her kid, he did)

Fakir : No use praying to me! Real prayer belongs to One Allah, prophets and Sufi saints. Who am I or any person or idols to cure diseases?

Chachi : But saints also have powers. I have seen your power, Baba. Please bless my son with health and best traits.

Fakir : Allah alone can do that.

Chachi : I am very religious, Baba. I pray to God daily.

Fakir : How?

Chachi : I go to the temple and get Puja Archana done by a learned priest.

Fakir : Stop that for some time. Some negative energy has been accumulated around you and your son. I am giving you special armlet. Wear it always. And chant this Mantra - La ilaah ill illaah Muhammad ur rasool allah five times a day.

Chachi : We are blessed to have found you, Baba. Consider it done. What else?

Fakir : Prepare for celebrations. You will become mother again.

Chachi : Sorry Baba, that is not possible. My husband died 2 years ago in an accident.

Fakir : So what?

Chachi : How will I have another child?

Fakir : Don't ask too many questions, ignorant woman. Can you change what has already been written in heavens?

Chachi : I didn't mean that Baba (she apologised). You tell me what will happen?

Fakir : Don't you feel a void in your life without a partner? Why can't there be another man in your life?

Chachi : It pains me a lot, Baba. Only I can understand what I go through all alone raising my only child. But I can't remarry (instructing son to go and play with kids outside). Look at my little one's face. His innocent eyes are habitual of me. His innocent heart believes his mother is his everything. His complete dependence is on me. His existence is complete with me. All his emotions are for me. And I have to reciprocate in everything. How can I introduce someone else into his life to share me, my emotions, my attention, my time and my everything? He has already lost his father. Now if I remarry, I will snatch some portion of his mother away from him. And for what? For petty worldly pleasures? It seems like cheating. I can't do that. Please help me, Baba. I won't be able to handle this.

Fakir : You will handle what you are burdened with. You don't have choices. And your son needs a father. There is someone who is kind, passionate, loving, helping and selfless in nature waiting for you.

Chachi : (silent)

Fakir : Recite Mantras carefully without fail.

Chachi : (hesitantly) Baba, how will I know who is that 'someone' you just talked about?

Fakir : The very first person with said traits you encounter will be the one.

Chachi : (bowed down to him, couldn't say anything)

Fakir : Don't ruin your future for your past. Your child is grown up now. Prepare to welcome the special blessed one.

Chachi : Just for final time Baba, if conditions don't allow me to marry, what is the way out?

Fakir : There is a way. You can be the partner of such a person if not wife. Allah gives provision for engaging with partners other than marriages. Just remember, the person you select should be pious and pure. Even if you are not officially his wife but are able to perform all the wife's duties, it is considered acceptable in heavens. It will also prevent you from committing sins like adultery. It is better to be chained to a pole than straying aimlessly like animals.

Chachi : (silent)

Fakir : Come here, child. (the kid comes near hesitantly). May Allah bless you (Fakir's hand on kid's head).

The three were on their way back to the hotel. No talk, no eye contact.

8

THE INSTANT MIRACLE

The train was running at full speed in the moonless night. Sushant was sleeping in mother's arms on the lower berth. By Baba's blessings, he was perfectly alright now and the three were on their way back. Chachi had no words to thank Aamir who came into her life like an angel. But right now she was thinking about the Baba. Completely in awe of him even after 12 hours. His charismatic aura complemented by miraculous powers had completely taken her by surprise. She really felt divinity for the first time in life. He had shown her the way.

Chachi had been fighting a battle in her own self. She desperately wanted to be with someone who could be her support in tough times. Who could play father to her loving kid. Who could offer his shoulder whenever she wanted to cry. Who could hold her hand when she was alone. Who could stand for her in the cruel world. Who could hold her passionately and fulfil her wish of being loved. But then, she felt the head of her little one resting on her arm. Who

had no one else to go to. Whose complete world was her. Who felt jealous even if his mother talked to a stranger. Who gave purpose to her life. And what have I given to him? Her eyes got wet. She could not cry freely. She feared it might awake her son. Her sobs were however audible in her cabin.

She felt something suddenly. It was dark inside the train so it was not visible. It was a gentle hand on her forehead. It wasn't Sushant's. It was bigger. An adult's. She pushed back the hand in shock with a light scream.

Chachi : Who is this?

Man : Aamir.

Chachi : Oh sorry, Aamir. I couldn't see your face.

Aamir : (gently put his hand on her forehead) Don't worry. I

saw you in pain. Couldn't resist. Our prophet said - 'Never turn a blind eye to someone's sufferings'.

Chachi : Oh I am really sorry, Aamir. Really didn't want to disturb your peace. Please sleep. Don't worry, I am ok. Thank you so much.

Aamir : I can't see you in tears (wiping the tears off her cheeks). My faith tells, never leave alone someone in tears.

Chachi : (got even more emotional with the gentle gesture by him, sobbed even more)

Aamir : Don't cry. I am with you.

Chachi : Thank you. But sleep, I am habitual of this. Don't worry about me. I will be ok.

Aamir : Now don't say a word. Just let it be. I will give you a head massage. Don't say no. I won't listen. You can't stop me from performing my duty. It is a religious command for me.

Chachi : So sweet of you, Aamir. But you don't have to bother. I have already troubled you enough. How will I return your favours? I am already indebted.

Aamir : (kept his hand on her mouth gently, started massaging her forehead)

Aamir had developed a special relationship with Chachi. From taking care of her son to taking them on a trip that made her meet the miraculous man of her life, he had been amazingly gentle. Someone

who was so close. Someone who understood what she wanted but never expressed. His touch had a different feeling today. Chachi was shocked. It was the same person yesterday too. But today, his touch seemed different. She felt awkward all of a sudden. She was not touched by anyone except her son in last several years. She tried to stop Aamir. But he gently refused. She knew something was wrong. But she felt a deep enjoyment somewhere. She could not resist further.

Aamir was worried about her. His hands wiped tears off her cheeks again. They were now on her shoulders giving a massage of solidarity. The massage had a message. He held her right hand in his hand while her left hand was supporting her son's head. He massaged her right palm gently. Every finger and joint. Hands were too soft. Wrist was next. It was soft and delicate. He took a few drops of oil again. Applied it on her forearm and massaged. His hands now moved to her flabby arm that was exposed in her sleeveless blouse. She was reluctant. But Aamir was committed. He couldn't see her drown into the dark sea of loneliness.

She could now hear his heartbeats. It was unusual.

His hands had reached deeper. It was damn dark. Nobody could see anything. But here was she, lying with her son while a man was massaging her passionately. She again tried a failed attempt to stop him. He didn't move. His hands had done with throat and neck. His oily hand had now slid inside her upper cloth. She again tried to explain him. Took his face in her only hand that was free in the last attempt to stop. Aamir knew it was half-hearted. He kept moving his hand inside.

Compassion had turned into passion. Sympathy had turned into ardour. Caring had turned into craving.

The lines cleaving gentle friendly touch and passionate rub were blurred.

There was a final attempt from Chachi to stop the 'sin' he was forcing her into. And more than him, she needed to stop herself. In the sea of emotions. From getting washed away.

Chachi : (whispered in his ear) He will wake up. Please stop.

Aamir : (whispered back in hers) He won't,

please don't move. Enjoy it. You deserve it. You have suffered a lot all these years. I can't see you like this anymore. I want to help you.

Chachi : This is sin, Aamir.

Aamir : (his hand groping her chest area lightly inside the cloth) Remember what the miraculous Fakir said? Why are you ignoring his signs? Ask your heart. Am I not the person Fakir talked about?

Chachi : (silent, breathing heavily)

Aamir : Stop and slap me if I am not the person your heart vouch for. I am going to break boundaries.

Aamir pushed his hand further deep and grasped her breast. He gently started rubbing it with his palm.

Chachi : Stop, please. This is sin.

Aamir : Does not feel like. Slap me if your heart says otherwise.

Chachi : (her body twisting gently with every sensation)

Aamir : (restless hand had reached her belly covered by Saree's Pallu now) I care for you. I care

for Sushant. Why do you hate me? Is it because I am not from your community?

Chachi : (trying to stop his hand) No Aamir. You are best man I have ever met. But this is wrong. Yes, Fakir asked me to be with someone who is gentle, selfless and caring. You are best in all traits. But I can't be yours. You are Anushka's. Go away. (looked the other way)

Aamir : (completely realising there was no conviction in her voice) Am I so incapable that I can't take care of you if there is someone else with me? You surely hate me because of my faith. Isn't it?

Chachi : Please, Aamir. Stop it. Had I hated you or your faith, I would have never visited your holy shrine. I respect your faith so much. It is indeed great. But I am not your age. Try to understand. Ok, Fakir said it. But how can I ruin Anushka's life?

Aamir : She will never know. As Fakir said, such relations that are developed out of sheer love and selflessness are as pious as husband-wife's. This is no sin. I can marry someone. But I can be with you too. My faith does not restrict me from doing this. Our Prophet too kept many widows and helpless women

who had no male partner. He taught men to support women who have no support and love.

Chachi : But it looks wrong. She is like my daughter for God's sake.

Aamir : Some relations are beyond age, family and society. Keep your hand on your heart. Was it not me that came to your mind when Fakir asked you to move on with life again? And this is not wrong. As I told you, wrong is you denying what has been destined in heavens. Didn't Fakir tell us that?

Chachi : (silent admission, tears in the eyes again)

Aamir : (moving his hand over the belly part that was now exposed as he removed Pallu) You need me. I need you. Why complicate matters?

Chachi : What about your life? Look at me. I am 12 years older than you. Mother of one. Out of shape. Fat. I do not deserve you, Aamir.

Aamir : (started rubbing her soft belly passionately keeping his head on her face, eyes closed) Is it fat? You are fabulous. You are perfect the way you are. Everything of yours is dear to me. Look, our Prophet set the example for us. He married his first

wife who was 15 years older to him. It may be a sin in your eyes. But it is a pious act in our religion to support good women like you as exemplified by our founder. You deserve better than lonely scary nights. Be with me tonight.

It was the decisive moment. On one hand, there was lying her son. Her dearest. For whom she had sacrificed all her worldly pleasures. For whom she had protected herself from every desires and ambitions. Who had no clue of what happened to her mother in last 24 hours. Who still thought his mother was only hers. On the other hand, there was an angel. Who sacrificed his comfort for her child. Who spent the sleepless night when her child was ill. Who came with them thousands of miles away for no work of his. Just to make her fulfil her promise that she was not able to fulfil for several years after husband's demise. Who was the first person to understand what she felt. Who was first to listen to her stories. Who was first to feel her emotions.

She turned to her son. Tightened her grip around him. Kissed him on head, face, eyes, ears and all over. 'I love you, baby,' she whispered to the sleeping darling. Then lifted his head a bit to remove her

hand. Covered him gently with the blanket. Aamir sat on the opposite lower berth. It was all dark, and everyone was fast asleep. She got down quietly from her berth to make sure Sushant doesn't wake up. She stood in the mid area between the opposite berths. Adjusted her Saree while looking at Aamir. He was watching her admiringly. She looked back at her son once again. He was sleeping peacefully. Turned towards Aamir while adjusting her hair taking hands over the shoulders.

Aamir had realised the success. He extended his arms, held her tightly from the waist and pulled towards him.

Shhh… he will wake up, slowly, she warned Aamir.

The bondages of modesty were shattered. Aamir was restless now. He wanted her badly. He kissed her. It sent chilling sensation down her spine. It was the first sensual kiss in years. She pulled his head near her heart. It was the sign of surrender. Surrender like that of a wife before the husband that Fakir talked about. This was going to be the end of her lonely life. Aamir made way for her on his berth lifting the blanket. Chachi was now with Aamir. On his berth.

In his blanket. Forgetting all ties, relations and even her son who was sleeping next to her on the other berth. Aamir recited something in Arabic.

It was the night of liberation for the lady! The night of celebration! The night of miracle! Fakir was right. The right man had arrived! Indeed, Allah was the best planner!

9

WHILE THE KID WAS AWAY

It was Saturday morning. Sushant was getting ready for school. His mother was behaving strangely today. She was not talking much. Neither was she making any eye-contact. She packed his lunch-box and served him breakfast. His school-bus was about to come at 7.30.

Sushant : Mom, why are you not talking to me? Neither did you give me morning hug. Was I not a good boy on the train?

Chachi : (innocent words melted her heart instantly, she broke into tears, tears of guilt) Oh my child, you are the best boy in the world. You can't do any wrong, my baby. (hugged him tightly, kissed his cheeks smilingly)

Sushant : Why are you crying?

Chachi : Nothing Sushi, mild headache due to travel. Will be fine by the time you return from school.

Sushant : OK.

Chachi : And Sushi, never tell anyone that we went somewhere. Never discuss this with anyone. If you do this, I will die.

Sushant : I will not let you die, Mom. I will not tell anyone.

Bus' horn blew.

Chachi : Bye Sushi, love you (kissed on his forehead). Finish your lunch on time. And don't play much. You are still weak. Take care… Bus won't come in return. I will be there at 1:30 sharp to pick you. Bye Bachcha..

It was 8:30 am. Aamir arrived as Chachi had promised to meet again. Although they had hours of intimacy in the train last night, Sushant's presence had made Chachi uncomfortable. Even while being with Aamir for hours, she kept peeping at her son on another berth. She feared that he might see them. Her fear was not imaginary. During their moments, when she could not manage to control her scream because of a passionate bite, Sushant woke up suddenly. As he did not find the mother on his berth, he looked around and found them covered in a single blanket. Mom, are you ok, why did you go to uncle's bed? Did

I again kick you? - He asked innocently. His mother had to cover herself in a blanket with one hand and had to reach out to his head to make him sleep again with the other. It was so embarrassing for her that she almost quit it. It was on Aamir's multiple requests she agreed to continue. But for once she got out of the berth, went to her son. Took his head in her lap. Made him sleep again. She came back to Aamir only after he fell asleep.

This was irritating for Aamir. Chachi knew it. She held his head on her heart and tried to explain the complexities after getting into his blanket again. She wanted to talk and explain things to Aamir while he was interested in some other stuff. She kept talking what she had to. He kept doing what he had to. It was finally wrapped up quickly. Sushant and fellow passengers could wake up anytime. So everything was done in a hurry. Chachi could still read Aamir's unsatisfied face and thus promised to meet him again when Sushant is not around. She had invited Aamir to her home next morning once Sushant leaves for school. For undisturbed and guilt-free encounter! Aamir had now arrived to make her fulfil her promise.

Now it was all set. Sushant was no more there to

make his mother uncomfortable. Chachi was resting on the bed. Aamir entered the room and smiled seeing her. Her heart was beating fast. She was shivering with excitement. For Aamir, it was a different feeling. He was with a woman 15 years older. Who was the mother of a 10 years old boy. Who was an aunt to the girl he loved and planned to marry in a year or two. It was a different kind of excitement for him. Memories of the train last night were fuelling the fire of his desires. It had been dark last night. But now it was a bright and sunny day.

She looked like a goddess of sensuality to him. Perfect body. Slightly plump. Round face. Fresh looks. Fleshy. Voluptuous. A simple grey cotton Saree draped around her was making him mad.

Aamir : You look like a goddess. Really, I never saw you like this before!

Chachi : Don't lie, Aamir. You are so cute. You have a golden heart. You praise others in the same spirit. I know I am nothing in front of you. Ugly and fat am I.

Aamir : Never say that again or else I will leave you. Why do you say that all the time? My faith teaches

me, love women of every shape and size. Even in paradise, Allah will bless a believing man with 70 curvy women to enjoy. In our faith, love matters, not the size.

Chachi : Look at me, look at these love-handles around my waist. Oh God! I am ashamed of myself. I gained all fat while raising Sushant. I never cared for myself. Now see me. People laugh at me.

Aamir : (moves closer to her, took her waist-side flesh in his hands, squeezed it) This is the most beautiful part of yours. Don't listen to anyone. You are perfect. You look like a paradise Houri.

He was staring at her while she was still lying on the bed thinking about something. It was probably the guilt of cheating her own innocent son and Anushka. With watery eyes, she welcomed him. He lied beside her.

Chachi : Is it right, Aamir?

Aamir : Yes. Who are we to deny what the miraculous Fakir foresaw with miraculous powers? Are we wiser than Allah? Can we doubt His plans?

Chachi : But when Anushka gets to know about

this…?

Aamir : (kept his face on her stomach in affection and explored it gently) We will not tell her in starting. Once she is strong enough to understand all this, I will let her know.

Chachi : But she will never accept it.

Aamir : (bent his knee and kept it over her thighs, started moving his hand over her face, neck and belly) I have a plan. I need your cooperation. With Allah's grace, we will overcome this hurdle.

Chachi : It should not be any deception, Aamir. Indeed, I have started liking you. But that does not mean I can betray my own children.

Aamir : (slightly pulling her Saree down so as to have more exposed area on the belly to play with) I guaranty. It will all be legal and moral. In my faith, our prophet has always taught us to be on the right path and never betray innocents. We will inform others at the appropriate time. That's it.

Chachi : (feeling shy with his hand movements, smiles back gently) What is that?

Aamir : (Inserting hand in Saree and pulling it down further, her big navel was now visible with a lot of space below it) In my religion, a man can marry up to 4 women. I told you the reason before. Even our role models did it to support widows and helpless women. So if I marry her and you both, it is permissible in my religion. It is not just permissible but encouraged. Our prophet helped as many helpless women as he could. We are also commanded to do same. And since the constitution of India believes in the right to freedom of religion, men from our religion are allowed to keep 4 wives at a time.

Chachi : Don't lie. One of our neighbours - Mr Sabharwal was jailed because he had 2 wives. No, we can't do that. Indian law doesn't approve polygamy.

Aamir : (tickling her soft underbelly with fingertips, suppressing her thighs with his knee that tried to move up against tickling in a playful manner) That's the point. A Hindu man can't do that. But laws are different for us. We can do it. Even some Bollywood actors converted to my religion when they had to marry a beautiful woman/actress without divorcing their first wife. It's completely legal and valid.

Chachi : (trying to stop his hand that was further pulling the Saree down) Please stop it, Aamir, for a while. I am serious.

Aamir : (continuing with his exploration, rubbing her below navel region tightly with his hand) What are these light whitish marks?

Chachi : Oh, this is another sign of my ugliness. Stretch-marks. When I was pregnant with Sushant, I earned those. Since then, they are there. I tried every medicine, they won't go. (sad face)

Aamir : (while kissing her stretch-marks and soft belly area around) They make you even more sexier. Believe me, it is the best part of your body along with your love-handles.

Chachi : (covering her face in shame) Lie, lie and lie. I know. Everyone would hate it. You too. I told you I am not your match. (started crying a little)

Aamir : You cry too much. Look, if I hate them, why am I so much in love with them? My holy book says - 'don't hate people for what others hate them. Take your decision wisely. Everything is beautiful. Beauty lies in eyes.' (started biting the stretch mark

region in love)

Chachi : (kept crying covering her face with one hand, trying to remove his face with the other, screamed twice when biting got painful, remained silent)

Aamir : Ok, let us make the mood lighter. You know I was always fond of women from your religion. I never liked girls/women from mine. Look at you, Anushka and her mother. You all wear colorful, sexy and lively dresses. Rich culture. Our women wear full boring clothes. I could never look at bare bellies of women from my community! I have a huge fetish for women's belly specially with love-handles and stretch marks. Every true man does. That is the reason why many boys from my community like me have a crush on your women! Hahaha…

Chachi : I thought you were a gentleman. But you too are like others. (taunting, non-seriously)

Aamir : That is why people hate us. Hahahaha…

Chachi : It's 10:30 already. I need to pick Sushant up from school at 1:30. His bus won't come in return today. So we need to be free by 1.

Aamir : (moving his foot over hers) That's cheating.

Chachi : Please try to understand. He is my Bachcha. Don't be jealous. He will always be my top priority.

Aamir : (Displacing the Saree up her knees with foot) Of course, I am jealous. After all, he spends more time in this bed with you than me!

Chachi : (trying to remove his leg from her thighs forcibly) That was cheap. Didn't expect this from you.

Aamir : (stopping suppression of her thighs with his knee, distanced himself from her a bit) Don't you like dirty-talks while all this? I didn't know. I won't do it ever. I promise. Sorry for this. This was first and last. (removed his face, hand and leg from her, got separated with serious face)

Chachi : (surrendering to him, caressing his hair) Nothing like that. Do everything. But be gentle with my baby. I still can't believe him to be a grownup. Mother's heart, you know. You won't understand. Ask your mother how much she loves you!

Aamir : (came and captured her like before)

Of course, he is your son. My only point is, he is grown-up now. I think you should make him strong. He should not be sleeping with you. Science has proved that co-sleeping is worst for children's physical and emotional growth.

Chachi : Whatever. I can't imagine my time without him. Things will change gradually.

Aamir : Coming back to our point, there is a provision in my religion to have multiple wives. But point is, are you ready to be my wife?

Chachi : This is no joke, Aamir. Your whole life depends on it. What will be our future? What will happen to Sushant? What will happen to our kids that will be born out of this marriage? And even if I accept you marrying two women, will Anushka accept it? If we hide it from her and the whole family, how?

Aamir : I am settled with my business. You too have good bank-balance. I can very easily support us both and our kids. You too can support me from time to time. You will have to relocate with me to some other place where I visit regularly but your family members won't know. You would need to tell them that you have got a job in that place. For them, you

will be living separately as their daughter-in-law only. But technically, you will be my wife.

Chachi : Will your family accept me?

Aamir : Why not? The only barrier is your religion. It is technically not possible for me to marry you and Anushka both while both of you being Hindus. You would need to convert to my religion. That's all. Rest I will see.

Chachi : I don't care much about religions. But there will be hype about it given the circumstances. It can get widespread. But honestly telling you, after visiting Ajmer and the miraculous Fakir, I am getting positive vibes. As if some divine power is inviting me to your faith! Something has happened somewhere!

Aamir : (gently squeezing her fleshy soft thighs) That is great! You never get that divinity when you worship stones as God. God must be worshipped the correct way. Stones can't be God. Snakes can't be God. Sun can't be God. Moon can't be God. Cow can't be God. Strangely, your religion believes that everything is God. We believe that everything is God's. The difference is only of an apostrophe 's'. But it is a huge difference. This alone decides the

fate of a person. If one gets heaven in an afterlife or the ever-burning hell. It all depends on whether you worshipped everything as God or worshipped right God and enjoyed everything else that God created you to enjoy. (rubbed his face over hers)

Chachi : (holding his face in her hands) I have started realizing now. You are right. What is the next strategy?

Aamir : In starting, you will convert on papers. For world, live like you live now.

Chachi : And what happens to Sushant?

Aamir : Of course, he will move with us.

Chachi : Will your family accept him?

Aamir : They may take a little time. But they will, eventually.

Chachi : When will you tell Anushka?

Aamir : Will see. Let us get settled first. Let the conversion formalities happen. Will see then. By the time we have kids, Anushka will also be married to me. Once married, we will adjust. There won't be much problem. Even if the family members get to know

about our marriage later, they can't do anything. All of us are adults and are free to take our decisions.

Chachi : So what is the plan now?

Aamir : Let us go through the conversion. We will get married secretly and you will move to the other place.

Chachi : Are we doing right? There will be no coming back after this.

Aamir : Remember what Fakir in Ajmer said. It is your destiny! How can we change what heavens have decided for us?

Chachi : Ok let me know how to go from here. I will come with you.

Aamir : Enough of talking. No more wastage of time!

Aamir embraced Chachi. It was the first time he was looking at her in full light. With her consent. In absence of any third. He could not control anymore. The blanket had covered them both. Breaths were heavy. Moans were loud. Screams were occasional.

It was after years for her. It was after a week for

him. Nothing was more. No time was sufficient. Hours were spent. Moans did not stop. Blanket did not stop moving.

Chachi had forgotten everything. She was in paradise. Aamir was still playing with her stretch marks by pulling down the blanket from her naked body while she blushed covering her face with hands. He was writing something with his nails on her naked belly around the navel and asking her what he was writing. She failed to tell three times. Then he explained - I wrote Sabina. Who is she? Your new name! Aww! It is so cute. I love you, Aamir.

He was now resting on her bosoms like a child. Although she had stopped lactating long ago when Sushant was 3, he was still trying hard. A few cuts on the nipple gave the testimony of his desperation. She was lying straight playing with his hair in fondness while sometimes requesting him to go gentle. Biting was always a double-edged sword. Gave pleasure and pain at the same time.

And suddenly she was shocked! Whats the time? It is 2:15 pm! Oh God, I had to pick up Sushant at 1 o'clock. She was one and a half hours late. Paradise

suddenly turned into the hell of the real world! She almost pushed Aamir away. Put on her clothes and a little makeup in 5 minutes. Rushed to school.

This journey of 25 minutes from home to son's school was the hardest time of her life. She had never missed a single activity of Sushant ever. Forget about being late in dropping/picking up. Especially after the death of his father, she was extra cautious that he never felt dejected. And today, he was forced to wait for almost 2 hours for her mother. This was the worst ever feeling of guilt in her life. She kept cursing herself. And kept crying uncontrollably. For the first time, mother's love was defeated by lust. The mother came second to the lover. She had no face to show to her only child who thought of her as someone even bigger than God. How will I look into his eyes? - she kept asking herself and crying. Finally, she arrived at school. Stepped out of the car and ran madly towards the security office at the main gate. Sushant was waiting there.

His routine innocence on the face was seeming many times more in contrast to the mother's 'betrayal'. She hugged him, picked him up and kissed all over. Is my Bachcha ok? Mama is so bad. Kept you waiting for

hours. Don't forgive Mama ever, my baby. They got into the car. She took him in her lap and kept his head on her chest. She cried non-stop. It is ok mom, the boy consoled her. My baby, I love you so much, said mother. She took his face in her hands. Planted kisses on his forehead, cheeks, ears and collars. His head was again resting on mother's chest. She shivered in pain every time the car jerked over a speed-breaker or pothole in the way. Boy's head was resting where lover had just given passionate but painful bitings an hour ago.

10

THE DATE NIGHT

It was the Sunday morning. The Guptas had come back from a week-long wedding break from Amritsar. Anushka was playing with Sushant. She felt proud that Aamir had helped her family in tough time. Now she had a close family member in form of Chachi who could vouch for him in convincing parents for their marriage. The family was happily discussing the marriage that had just happened. Women were busy discussing clothes, jewellery and who looked good or ugly. But Chachi was strangely upset. Although she did not show any overt signs of displeasure, her face could be read clearly. She was both upset and disturbed beyond limits. She had not made a single eye contact with Anushka. Is everything ok, asked Anushka. 'Oh yes, Beta, just 'those' days of the month. Don't worry. I will be alright', replied Chachi.

Anushka was super excited. She had a movie date with Aamir tonight. They were going to watch PK as discussed last week. But today was the first evening of Dandiya too. She was going to perform! She was

to meet Aamir directly at the multiplex immediately after the Dandiya. What should I wear? Red Lehnga? And suddenly she was in dreams!

It was exactly this day of Dandiya a year ago. She was taken to the Dandiya club by her cousin's friend Neha. It was free for girls. The local MLA Mr Ansari used to organise Dandiya season every year in Navratri along with his partners. Free gifts, dresses, drinks and food would be served. Everyone was paired except for her. Beautiful night! Colourful dresses. Mesmerising fragrances. The dancing couples looked like angels. But she was alone. Watching others helplessly. Her pair was missing. What could she do?

A handsome boy said 'Hi' to her. Not very tall. Sharp looks. He had a thin beard on his face carefully maintained. The gel in hair. Proper Dandiya dress. Saffron band in hand. He looked cute. I am Raja, he introduced himself. Would you like to dance? I am alone tonight! But I don't know you, she asked hesitantly although liking the stranger. Fine. No issues. I didn't want to bother you. Sorry for any inconvenience caused. He ended the discussion with the humble goodbye message. A love story was ending before start!

Hey Anushka, why alone? Asked Neha accompanied by two boys! One was Raja. Hey girl, meet Raja and Tahir. Tahir is the son of Mr Ansari - the organiser of the beautiful night! He is my best friend. Meet Raja, Tahir's friend. We thought you would enjoy together. What happened, asked Neha. Nothing, Anushka replied quickly. She agreed to pair with Raja for that Dandiya night. Though still shy, she was excited. She had listened to the stories of Dandiya and dance from her cousins and friends. She was desperately dying to experience it once. And here was her night! With a stranger. A good-looking gentleman. Her heart was beating fast.

Anushka was at home after a rocking night. home. Still thinking about Raja. He danced perfectly. He smelled heavenly. He looked astonishing. The firm arms that held her waist when she was about to slip. That smiley face. That innocence. That cuteness. That truthfulness! He was introduced as Raja. But he revealed to Anushka that he was not Raja. His real name was Aamir. He was introduced as Raja because of the stereotype prevalent in Hindu society regarding a particular religion. His honest admission was perhaps the icing on the cake. Anushka had lost

to Aamir. Princess had got her prince.

And the Dandiya pair proved to be the pair of heavens. For next 9 days, they danced, dined and enjoyed together. They understood each other. They planned a grand celebration at the end of Dandiya season. Anushka was wearing the red Lehnga specially prepared for this day. The Choli's design of net at back. The golden edges. Deep neck. Lehenga carefully tied below waist line. The soft and milky white midriff with plump navel at centre. Gold's waist-chain tied loosely around the waist below navel.

It was the day of double celebration. Aamir-Anushka had won the Dandiya couple award at the final day! Mr Ansari, the MLA, himself presented cash prize of Rs 51,000 to the couple. Second, it was the celebration of finding the soulmates. The two were in Neha's home alone. Latter's family was out of station. Being the one who introduced the couple 9 days ago, it was her responsibility to help further. And she did well.

The lovers were still gasping in excitement. They had enjoyed every moment of the first love. The wet mattress. The crumpled bed-sheet. Blouse buried

beneath the lovers somewhere. Lehenga lying on the floor. Her waist-chain in Aamir's wrist that he untied gently while tickling her belly in the play. All in all, it was the rebirth of a new Anushka. The grownup youth bade adieu to the childhood of Daddy's girl. Big girl who had now found strong arms of someone other than Daddy to feel safe. One who could understand her as a girl and satisfy her as a woman.

The flashback was amazing! It all started with what to wear for the date tonight! And what could have been the option better than the Red Lehnga of last year? The same dress she wore when they first made love! Excitement gripped her completely.

Aamir had some work today. Hence they decided to meet at movie directly. Anushka reached multiplex immediately after the Dandiya evening was over. She was looking beautiful in red Lehnga. It was completely soaked with sweat after long two hours of dancing. Her face glowed like full moon. Aamir was waiting with two tickets. She opened her arms to give him embrace but he was not in mood.

Aamir : What is this?

Anushka : What happened?

Aamir : What are you wearing?

Anushka : This is your favourite! I wore it purposefully. Remember our first night?

Aamir : You look like a slut in this. (slapped her)

Anushka was shocked. She wanted to ask Aamir why he was behaving strangely. But before she could, something more was awaiting her.

Aamir : Look at the boys around. Everyone is watching you.

Anushka : (silent and embarrassed)

Aamir : My sisters never go out like this. Nobody in our family can. You too should learn to dress decently.

Anushka : But I had to wear it for Dandiya dance. Whats wrong?

Aamir : I hate this Dandiya. If girls forget decency in something, that's the sinful act. You will have to refrain from all this in future.

Anushka : (shockingly) Wasn't it you who paired with me last year in same Dandiya? Was that not

indecent then? Why such extreme reaction now?

Aamir : Don't argue. Ok, we danced last year. That was God's way of uniting us. That had to happen. But now that you have found your love, all this doesn't suit you anymore. You will be my wife very soon. Behave properly. Dress modestly.

Anushka : (started crying)

Aamir : Oh come on baby! I am just worried about you. About your safety.

Anushka : How does calling me slut enhance my safety? (asked angrily)

Aamir : No, such revealing dresses trigger temptation in boys. I know them.

Anushka : But it was you who loved it so much last year!

Aamir : Yes, but that was just for me. I don't want anyone else to witness your beautiful body. I love you so much.

Anushka : (forgets and forgives) Please don't hit me again. I love you. Let's go inside.

Soon, the last row in multiplex was full of loud laughs. Best acting of Aamir Khan in the movie and on top of it, his hilarious criticism of religious superstitions related to Gods like Ram, Krishna and Shiva had made everyone including the lovebirds laugh.

Aamir laughed like hell when Lord Shiva in PK was running like a nut. How can people be so religiously stupid, he remarked and continued laughing! Anushka was observing him carefully with a happy heart! Thank God! He is not a religious fanatic like that man on call! My Aamir can laugh on God also. He is laughing on religions too. This is the symbol of a tolerant and progressive person. He has got a good sense of humour. Thank God he is not like many others! I am so lucky to have him!

Movie had ended and the lovebirds headed towards the hotel that Aamir had booked for night.

11

THE LOVE BITES

The date last night was amazing. The lovers had met after 7 long days. The 'indecent' dress of hers had turned into her lover's favorite once the hotel room was locked. Anushka gave him love whole night. Her family knew that she was going to stay with her friend in night for a project. Aamir dropped her near home in morning. She went to bed straightaway. In a minute, she was in the world of dreams.

It was 5.30 in the evening when her phone rang. It was that same stranger. What he wants now? Today I will silence him once and for all, Anushka talked to herself with conviction.

Man: (just before he could say anything)

Anushka : Look man, I have got all your answers now. My man is different from others.

Man : How?

Anushka : We watched PK movie yesterday.

Man : So?

Anushka : He took religious criticism so easily. He was laughing when they were making fun of Gods. This proves that he is a progressive, liberal and easy-going person. Now you can take your hate agenda somewhere else.

Man : Wait a minute. Can you tell me exactly at which places he laughed on Gods?

Anushka : Of course, he went crazy at Lord Shiva's scene. He also laughed so much when PK says - 'Log deewaron par Ram aur Krishna Bhagvan ki photo lagaate hain taaki koi moote nahi aur maine Ram aur Krishna ki photo apne gaal par lagaayi hai taaki koi peete nahi (people put photos of Ram and Krishna on walls so that no one pees whereas I have put their photos on my cheeks so that no one slaps me).'

Man : So how is this the testimony of him being progressive and liberal?

Anushka : Indeed. Now never call me again, you fanatic.

Man : Wait. Could you ask him once to repeat the

same line of PK replacing Ram and Krishna with his God and Prophet?

Anushka : Why? What's in it? He considers all religions as equal. If he can laugh on Ram or Krishna, he can laugh on his God and Prophet too. Now that you have been caught red-handed, you are covering it up with non-sense.

Man : May be. Only thing is its easy to laugh at others. Test of true liberalism lies when someone laughs at themselves. Try it once.

Man cut the call. And Anushka got busy with her daily chores. Aamir could come any time as parents and Deepika had left for a Birthday function in the evening. Chachi and Sushant were upstairs. Chachi was no longer an issue now. Anushka had had her on her side now. After Sushant's episode, Chachi could not go against her. So there was no worry. The wait ended. Prince charming had arrived. Aamir almost dragged Anushka from kitchen to the bedroom. His love was in immediate need of release.

Not today, baby, she pleaded but in vain. She wanted to share each and every incident of Amritsar with him in detail and laugh together. Throughout

the marriage and the functions before, she had also imagined herself and Aamir in place of bride and groom. She was thrilled with joy. Aamir and I will dance like this. We will dress like that. We will plan honeymoon like this. We will plan family like that and so on… She had a number of small stories to tell Aamir. Lot of wishes that she wanted to fulfil with Aamir. She wanted to lie down with Aamir to do planning for the wedding for hours while holding his hand. She had plans of choosing wedding wears for parents of hers and Aamir, Deepika and Aamir's sister. The thoughts of pre-wedding plans, shopping, ceremonies, Sangeet, grand wedding, reception and honeymoon were driving her crazy like kids. She wanted to share every single joy with Aamir that night.

But Aamir had different plans. He was desperate given a week-long break when she could not meet her. The prince had already started to fondle her. With each sentence of her story, Aamir's advancements started turning wild. His delicate hands started turning rough. His hands reached deeper into her attire. With wild cravings. A week-long thirst that could not be quenched by wedding discussions. Although he had Chachi a few days ago with him, she

was no match to Anushka. Secondly, the desire for Chachi stemmed from the circumstances that were created with Sushant's illness rather than the sheer love.

Aamir's genuine quest to help a helpless widowed lady irrespective of the generation gap as taught by the prophet was the prime driving force in Chachi's case. His utmost selfless desire of driving a lady out of the 'darkness of the illogical beliefs' of worshipping multiple gods including 'animals' and 'stones' to the only true religion of one God and one Prophet was the other motivation. His childhood habits of getting aroused with keywords like 'mature', 'widow', 'older', 'Moms I Like to Meet' and 'aunty' etc that he would browse for hours on B-grade websites also had a share. All in all, attraction towards Chachi consisted of a lot of factors from kindness to spirituality to religion to childhood habits.

On the other hand, Anushka was his true love. She was compatible. She was young. She was a perfect match. Long curly hair, skin as fair as of Europeans, glowing face, beautiful as the women of paradise explained in the holy book, perfect shape, fleshy, soft as cotton, delicate as fairy, emotional as hell, caring as

mother, forgiving as friend, obedient as slave, sharp in studies, an athlete in college, hell of a dancer, soft-spoken and possessing infinite endurance. She was unique in all respects. Craving for her didn't require any spiritual, religious or childhood habits. And now she had also agreed to change her religion for marriage's sake. What more Aamir could have desired for? He had saved two idol worshipping women from hellfire by giving them the opportunity to embrace true religion. He was proud of himself. And so were his friends and religious priests he used to meet daily 5 times during prayers in his worship place. A proud foot-soldier of his Prophet and God every co-religionist was proud of.

Aamir's hands continued to search for pleasure deeper and deeper while Anushka tried to hold his hand and keep it on her heart out of love and trust. She wanted his hands in hers. But he had them elsewhere. Anushka was physically exhausted due to less sleep over the week in Amritsar, travel and her menses. She was mentally disturbed by the stranger's calls already about which she had never told Aamir. She wanted to be in Aamir's protected arms today. Wanted to rest her head on his chest holding his hand. Discussing

stories. Thrashing out their plans. She had everything on agenda except for love-making. She had been gently refusing Aamir by diverting his hands with hers without offending him. He, however, continued with his movements unperturbed that were gradually getting intense irrespective of her requests.

At last, she surrendered before his virile moves. He didn't want to stop. She didn't want to upset (him).

The moment had passed. His head was still lying on her chest gasping. She was caressing his hair thinking about something.

Anushka : Shall I ask something?

Aamir : Do you need permission for talking to me now? Say, my love.

Anushka : Had there been your God and Prophet in place of Ram and Krishna in the movie dialogue, would you've still laughed at it?

Aamir : Which dialogue, darling? (He asked while playing on her curves with fingertips)

Anushka : Log Ram-Krishna ki photo legate hain taaki koi moote nahi (People put Ram/Krishna's

image on the wall so that no one pees), in this dialogue?

Something changed suddenly. The hand that was rubbing her milky soft belly in admiration suddenly turned violent. It pinched her hard there. Finger-tips were replaced by nails. Her sponge-like under-belly was crushed between the nails. She screamed in pain. The lower abdomen flesh turned red. 'Kya boli Saali (how dare you),' Aamir whined. 'Hamaare Nabi par koi baat nahi Saali Raand (no word against our prophet, you whore).'

She was left in tears of pain, fear and guilt. He continued to play with her body, however, the play had become rough and serious. He bit her at sensitive parts in anger. She kept crying without repulsing him almost agreeing that she deserved it for the sin she just committed. The sin of hurting his religious sentiments. After the act, he immediately got up. She tried to hold his hand to which he pushed away in contempt. He left her behind lying helplessly, crying in pain, tears and guilt.

Next morning, she could sense unbearable pain emanating from the love-bites all over her body. Her cheeks, lips, neck, arms, chest, midriff and thighs,

nothing was left without the lover's love symbols that were feeling not so lovely. Deep inside, she was still asking herself, if we could laugh on Ram and Krishna's parody, why can't he on his God and Prophet?

But soon, thoughts of losing prince charming started crossing her mind. Won't hurt sweetheart's feelings ever, she promised herself.

12

THE NIGHT OF SURRENDER

Aamir was angry since last night. This was an unbearable pain for Anushka. After all, her world was angry. With her. 200 calls and countless messages of sorry. Not responded. She was helpless. Thought for a while. Chachi? Yes, Chachi could do it for her. Aamir respected Chachi a lot especially for past few weeks, he talked nicely about her whenever they discussed family matters. He would definitely listen to Chachi, Anushka had found the trick. Her ray of hope.

Chachi was assigned the task to convince Aamir. To make him talk to Anushka once. Chachi called Aamir up to meet urgently. He agreed. Sushant was made to stay with Anushka while Chachi was away. She reached hotel room where Aamir was waiting.

Chachi : May I come in?

Aamir : Oh, please.

Chachi : (naughtily smiling) So you are punishing our daughter, haan? Not good. Forgive her. She loves

you like hell. Look at me. I have to plead for her sake before you knowing fully that it will only cost me. It will cost my pleasure. I am here for my competitor. Can there be a bigger misfortune? Still I am here. Pardon her.

Aamir : (laughed) Will see your daughter later. Let me see you first.

Chachi : (reached closer) What happened? You should talk to her.

Aamir : (pulled her by her hips, grabbing her tightly around her waist) So you are here for her.

Chachi : (smiling back falsely pretending to move away without any force) Leave me, please. Yes, why are you not talking to her? (Adjusting her Saree's Pallu)

Aamir : She has some lessons to learn.

Chachi : She is tender. Soft as roses. Delicate as pure gold. Don't punish her so harshly.

Aamir : (freeing her Saree's Pallu that was tucked tightly in centre of her belly, pulling it away, smooching her bare belly) Do you want me to talk to her? There

is a price! (smiled)

Chachi : You naughty boy! Come on. Not today. Last time I couldn't look Sushant in his eyes for days. I need to go back and prepare his lunch in an hour. Not today, please.

Aamir : (unhooking her blouse) The whole family is like this, is it?

Chachi : You are being rude to her (trying to resist his moves half-heartedly).

Aamir : Am I being rude to you?

Chachi : (silent, stops resisting)

Chachi had paid the price. Happily. He was still in her arms while his hands were tickling her at sensitive places. She was resisting with one hand while supporting his head by the other.

'Forgive her now,' said Chachi while dressing herself in front of the mirror.

Aamir was still lying on bed moving his hands on her back agreeing to her. Don't worry, I will. Our Prophet said - Forgiveness is the greatest trait. Grant it wherever possible.

Aamir now controlled the two ladies. Both were in love with him madly. Both could do anything for him.

Chachi had come back to share the good news. She informed Anushka that her job is done. Then ran upstairs quickly to prepare lunch for hungry Sushant. Anushka cried. With happy tears this time. Aamir called her up at last! She was in tears apologising repeatedly for insulting Prophet that night. 'Don't do it again,' he warned. 'Never, I am so sorry,' she said nth time. 'And listen, come over tonight. Give me chance to make you happy,' she requested. 'I will come,' he said.

Anushka was on top of the world! 'He forgave me. I am so lucky'! And then rang her phone.

Caller : Did you ask him?

Anushka : (silent)

Caller : What happened?

Anushka : (started crying) Don't call me again.

Caller : Still nothing has lost. Leave him.

Anushka : No, he is a good man. Just that he is

emotional about his faith. There is nothing wrong with it.

Caller : But you told he is tolerant and liberal enough to laugh at Gods.

Anushka : (silent)

Caller : That means he is another religious bigot who can't tolerate criticism about his faith. On the other hand, he laughed when your faith was being mocked in PK. Doesn't this make him a hypocrite?

Anushka : He is not.

Caller : Ok, do one thing. When he meets you next and showers love taking you in his arms, just ask him how would he feel if his sister Fatima is in the arms of her classmate Arjun at the same time at latter's home exactly like you two?

Anushka disconnected the call.

It was evening time. Mrs and Mr Gupta had gone Agra to visit a relative who met an accident. They were to return the next day. Anushka had prepared all favourite dishes with her hands for beloved Aamir. After all, she was pardoned. Now, it was her turn

to prove her worth. Deepika was helping her sister in the kitchen. The doorbell rang. Deepika went to open the door. It was Aamir. He hugged Deepika. The hands caressed her waist in affection. She went to the kitchen. Aamir too followed. He gave Anushka a lip-kiss. Anushka was hesitant. Deepika was nearby. But he could not be greeted with 'no' today. It was his day. He could get away with anything today. Anushka didn't move. The prince could not be offended for petty reasons anymore.

'You have accumulated some fat, Deepika,' said Aamir while slapping gently on her hips. Deepika was embarrassed. But she had to share some burden of her sister's stakes. Deepika's eyes got wet while her sister looked the other way pretending not to witness anything. 'I am hungry, what's for dinner?' the prince yelled.

Deepika had been sent to her friend's home for tonight. She was not feeling very comfortable since Aamir's depiction of frankness. He was a cool guy. But girls seemed little outdated. Stuck in old and conservative notions of modesty. Anyway, Anushka knew this was her moment.

Anushka : I am really sorry for that night.

Aamir : (unhooking her garments) I have forgotten that. I shouldn't have punished you so badly.

Anushka : (in tears) I am only yours, never leave me. Punish me but don't leave me. You are my only love. I am all yours. (tried to hold his head near hers)

Aamir : Hmm, show me your scars. I will comfort you. (Undressing her to find out how many places on body needed healing touch)

Anushka : Ssss Aah! Gentle, please be gentle. They are still fresh.

Aamir gently touched every scar that he gave her that night. Three bites on the chest, two on her midriff area, one on the neck, one on the cheek, two on inner thighs and a couple of nail-scratches near the sensitive part.

Anushka was crying in pain and love. 'What if he scratched me that day? He is now massaging with love. Love is like this only. There is no pain without gain', she explained to herself. She was completely in awe of her prince who was now examining each of her little wounds. Gentle massage on neck, arms, legs,

thighs and back made her feel the love again. She was in heaven. Her prince charming was compensating for his harshness.

And soon, the massaging hands had started uncontrolled movements all over her body. The passion took over the sense of caregiving. Her screams became louder with each advancement of his. But who could control him? He was now pinching her flesh all over. Her shrieks of pain were making him more crazy. Her tears were fuelling his fetish of enjoying 'helpless'. Her red skin near sensitive parts was inviting him like never before.

20 minutes later, she was bleeding. Crying in pain. One of the earlier scars was scratched by his nails multiple times during the act.

Aamir : You didn't tell me you are in your 'those days'. Is it paining? Take your medicines.

Anushka : (didn't say anything, still sobbing in pain slowly). Please be with me tonight, Aamir. With me, not with my body. I want to lie beside you. I want to keep my head in your lap and talk for some time. Please.

Aamir : You girls are all same. You always want someone to comfort you in your emotional days. Why did God create you with this abnormality (laughs). Do you know, there is an incident in our holy book. Prophet told that God created Adam. Then from his ribs, He created Eve. Eve didn't fulfil her promise. And as punishment, God made her bleed every month. Since then, all her daughters i.e. women menstruate till date.

Ok, it was just for fun, he laughingly told her. He came to the bed again to sit beside her. His lover who was still lying on the bed recovering from unbearable pain. Still with one resolve of not saying 'no' to her prince today.

Aamir : What's the matter?

Anushka : (holding his hand near her heart) Look, I am worried about Deepika. She is not doing well in studies. If she doesn't study properly, her career will be ruined.

Aamir : (laughed), don't worry. I will marry her. I can keep you both. It is allowed in our religion!

Anushka : I am serious, baby. Don't joke.

Aamir : (laughing loudly, then resumed) Ok. She is a kid. Will understand with time.

Anushka : Hmm, we will counsel her if needed. And listen, get ready tomorrow. We will go for Dandiya. Neha was asking if we two are coming.

Aamir : I don't like it, babe. It's all boring.

Anushka : (shockingly) Don't say that, sweetheart. We met at Dandiya only. It is the most beautiful thing in festivals.

Aamir : (rubbing her body again) That time we were not mature. Now we are. We know what is right and what is wrong.

Anushka : Whats wrong in Dandiya?

Aamir : (Sliding his hands inside her inner-wears again she had just put on) I don't like it. When you dance, other boys look at you. You wear deep-neck blouses. Their eyes are on your cleavage. They look at your bare waist hungrily. They want to touch your hips. What kind of celebration is it?

Anushka : (trying to liberate herself from his embrace, failed) This is disgusting. Nobody does that.

Everyone enjoys with each other. And the Dandiya symbolises the divine love of Gods. It's not vulgar at all. It all depends on how we look at it.

Aamir : (pinched her thigh in a mixture of little anger and laughter) It's not good for gods to dance with naked girls. What kind of gods are they? No means no. Do you love me or Dandiya?

Anushka : I love you, Baby, more than anything. But it is our culture. And there is nothing wrong in it. After all, we too met only because of the same! Isn't it?

There was no reply. He had already slept with his head resting on her stretched arm, his hand on her belly and knee on her thighs.

13

THE VALENTINE'S NIGHT

Deepika was looking stunning in a tight blue skirt. Anushka was wearing red Saree draped around her toned body sexily exposing her midriff on Aamir's insistence. The three were waiting for someone in a cafe. Red balloons were all over the floor, ceiling and tables. Love was in the air! It was Valentine's day.

Anushka had already got her Valentine a year ago. It was now Deepika's turn. They were waiting for Saif. Aamir's cousin who had a crush on Deepika for some time now. Aamir had convinced Anushka to arrange a meeting for the youngsters. Who knew if they too would find love for life in each other!

Anushka knew Saif. He was a good boy who respected girls always. He was sweet and soft in conversations. He had dropped her home several times in the night when Aamir was busy. He was the perfect material for being younger sister's partner in life. And above all, he was the choice of Aamir. Mr perfectionist in Anushka's life who could do no

wrong.

But Deepika was yet to mature to get married. She had grown up physically but she had the mind of a teenager only. She did't understand much about love and marriage.

They had booked the corner's table in the cafe. Aamir and Anushka sat on wall's side while Deepika was sitting on the other side of the table. All were waiting for Saif.

Aamir : Love is everything in life (kissing Anushka on cheeks while she hesitantly requests him to control in front of Deepika)

Deepika : What does Saif like? Favourite food? Colour?

Aamir : (brushing hand against Anushka's thighs under the table, she tried to remove hand but failed) He is just like me. His choice is like me.

Anushka : Let's order something?

Deepika : Let him come.

Aamir : Hmm, caring about him! You are just like your sister (his hand surrounded Anushka's back and

was cuddling with the soft flesh on her love handle). I think the two would need some private time. I have booked two hotel rooms today. One for us, the other for them. Let us enjoy the Valentine's Day.

Anushka : But.. (worried realising what it meant, tried to stop Aamir)

Aamir : Oh come on sweetheart! We too met each other the same way, remember? True love is not found sitting in homes. You have to reach out. Saif is a few years senior to her. He will take good care of her. He is good at studies. They will both study together. Build careers. And so on. Didn't you tell me if we had any plans for Deepika? Let us try. Let them understand each other. Let them dine together. Let them see sites together. If they don't feel for each other after that, who can force anyone? They can part ways anytime.

Anushka : But in a hotel room?

Aamir : Oh come on, baby. That is just for their personal space. It doesn't mean anything wrong. Just like they can go to any cafeteria or restaurant, they will spend time there. They are both mature and know what to do. Don't control people. Our Prophet

said - 'How can you control someone whom your God has set free'? Look, today's younger generation should be set free. It has potential to do wonders. But if you curb their instincts and control their ways, they are ruined. Why are we trying to be intolerant religious fanatics like Bajrang Dal or Agniveer? Are we against love like these goons or Gunda Gorakshaks who want to dictate others on what should be eaten and who should be loved?

Aamir's logical response had left no scope for the furtherance of any argument. Yes, he was right. If we too restrict freedom of our siblings like Gunda Gorakshaks or Bajrang Dal, what will be the difference between us and them? - she told herself. Prince had removed every confusion now. Anushka thanked God again for sending such a man to her life.

The dinner party was over. Couples were in their respective rooms. Anushka was still worried about her sister who was all alone with a guy in an adjacent room. But then, it was the choice of the wisest man on earth, the man of her dreams - Aamir who could do nothing wrong. And then, now the onus of differentiating herself from the religious fanatics like Gorakshaks or Bajrang Dal also lied with her. She

was convinced by logic. But some questions were not letting her thoughts settle down.

Aamir had started showing signs of love to his Valentine. His hands were trying to remove artificial barriers between their natural bodies. He wanted to feel the natural her. He was trying to get rid of clothes passionately. But Anushka was not looking happy. She was not resisting. But she had a lot going through her mind.

Anushka : What if Saif is doing same with Deepika? Didn't we commit mistake by leaving them alone? She is not mature yet.

Aamir : (kept pulling her blouse) Oh come on! They are not kids. They know their good and bad. Who are we to decide that? Let them explore their compatibilities. Now don't act as Gorakshak Gunda.

Anushka : But…Ahh

Aamir : (pulling her remaining coverings, almost tearing them off) Don't say a word now sweetie. Enjoy the moment.

Anushka had gone into a deep state of thinking. The words of caller previous day 'can Aamir's sister

sleep with her classmate Arjun' were haunting her like hell. She wanted to have the answer. Aamir was still breathing heavily. He was now playing with her hair.

Anushka : Can I ask you something? Don't get angry.

Aamir : (moving his hand over her curves) Yes babe.

Anushka : How is Fatima (Aamir's younger sister, 17) doing?

Aamir : She is doing good. All set to enter college. We have selected a college - 'Nusrat's College for girls' for her near our locality.

Anushka : Why such unknown college? She is good at studies. Why isn't she going to some good college in another city, like you or Saif?

Aamir : Big cities are not safe for girls of respectable families these days. Moreover, such cities have got a polluted culture which is not good for girls.

Anushka : What polluted culture?

Aamir : You can't leave your sisters here. Plain and simple. You never know who she befriends and who

takes benefit of it. Our family is very clear on this matter. Girls must maintain dignity. They should not be doing anything that puts a blot on family's face.

Anushka : Fine. But who can stop lovers? Love is the best thing to happen as you said. Let me tell you something. She is in love with her classmate Arjun. But she is afraid to…Ahhh

She could not complete her sentence. Aamir planted 10 straight and tight slaps on her face non-stop. The blood started gushing out. From the nose and mouth.

Aamir : (came quickly on top of her, sat on her abdomen) Saali Raand (you bloody whore), what did you just say?

Anushka : I just wanted… Ahhh

Aamir choked her with one hand and with other, he grabbed her chest area. He was pressing her throat and chest mercilessly. She was screaming in pain. He continued to slap her on the face and punch in her lower abdomen. He stood up and kicked her in the stomach and sensitive area 4-5 times.

Aamir : How dare you Saali, how dare you say

that about my sister? (Kicked her again in stomach). We do not raise whores in our homes, bitch. Our girls are not meant for filthy idol-worshipping boys. My sister can not love a Hindu. This is the insult to our religion, God and Prophet. How could you (stopped midway to pull her hair and drag her down the bed, kicked again in her chest and sensitive areas).

Aamir beat Anushka black and blue. He pulled her hair. Choked her throat. Slapped her face. Squeezed her breasts. Punched her private parts. Kicked her stomach. He repeated it for 20 minutes. She had fallen unconscious for few seconds. Aamir did not stop. She regained consciousness. She could see him trying to peel off the skin of the private organ with bare hands. Screams of Anushka were gut-wrenching. The hotel staff knocked the door fearing some accident inside.

Aamir : Open the door, Raand (whore) and tell them all is well. And come back to me immediately. I am waiting.

'Mam, is everything alright?' The hotel staff asked.

Yes, I just slipped in the bathroom. Nothing serious. Thanks.

The staff returned and so did Anushka.

Anushka lied down on floor bleeding, unable to move, unattended by the lover who was now enjoying TV in full volume. Her screams could not go out anymore. Deepika was with Saif in other room. More than the lover's violent assault, Anushka's own question was hurting her more. I even didn't ask him if his sister could sleep with Arjun. I only said will he support if his sister loves Arjun. I could not even complete the sentence. Am I not someone's sister? Isn't my sister with his cousin in next room?

The red balloons were still on the floor. Love was in the air. It was Valentine's Day.

14

THAT NIGHT OF REALISATION?

Anushka was in a dilemma. She had not met Aamir for 7 days. She was angry for what Aamir did on Valentine's night. Deepika was not normal since that night though she never discussed what happened with anyone. Anushka was worried. But she loved Aamir so much. All her friends counselled her. Chachi too talked to her. It happens in relationships. Perfection is found in textbooks. We all go through different patches. This is life. The encouragingly wise words from lady friends and Chachi had once again saved her. Yes, I am for him. He is mine. Nothing can deter us. But he must initiate.

And rang the phone.

Caller : Did you ask him if he can accept Arjun in his sister's life?

Anushka : (silent)

Caller : Are you still with him?

Anushka : None of your business. Yes, with him.

Going to marry him soon.

Caller : So are you ready to convert?

Anushka : It doesn't matter to me. Religion is the last thing I care about. I am not a believer in that sense. I was never a religious person.

Caller : And now you are ready to join a new religion? Is that what you call non-religious?

Anushka : Oh come on. His religion to me is same as my religion. All religions are same. All teach good things. How does it matter which religion you choose or leave? Humanity is above all.

Caller : Then why don't you both convert to the religion - humanity?

Anushka : He is sensitive to his religion. I am not. So I can sacrifice. No big deal. Don't make it an issue. He will also compromise on things that are sensitive to me. I know my red-lines. I won't allow anyone to cross them.

Caller : Which red-line? You followed something whole your life. Your parents followed it. Your ancestors followed it for thousands of years. One day,

someone comes and tells you, this is not right. And you are ready to give it up. What worth are you now? Tomorrow if he says leave your friends because they don't follow his religion, will you have any answer?

Anushka : (silent)

Caller : Are you ready to leave your friends for him?

Anushka : He is not like that. He will never ask me to do it. Only a lunatic would do it.

Caller : But this is what his holy book says!

Anushka : Oh really! You know about his holy book and him more than me?

Caller : Of course. Look here. First see how you will lose your friends.

Let not the believers take the unbelievers for friends rather than believers; and whoever does this, he shall have nothing of (the guardianship of) Allah, but you should guard yourselves against them, guarding carefully…[Holy Book 3/28, 4/144 and 5/57]

Anushka : (silent)

Caller : Why silent?

Anushka : He is not like that. He understands my feelings. He is not a blind follower of his religion.

Caller : If he can force you to convert to his religion for marriage, how are you sure that he won't force you in other matters?

Anushka : It was his choice to convert me. His religion doesn't say anything like that.

Caller : It wasn't. It was his religion that asked him to convert you before marriage. See this

And do not marry polytheistic women until they believe. And a believing slave woman is better than a polytheist, even though she might please you. [Holy Book 2/221]

Anushka : This can't be true. You are a liar.

Caller : Do one thing. Leave everything right now. Open your laptop and google holy book 2/221 verse. See it for yourself.

Anushka : (checked, silent and shocked)

Caller : Another thing. You have been with him

for so long. You both probably enjoy physical relationship too. Have you ever wondered if Aamir's sister too can be in a similar relationship with some Arjun?

Anushka : (shocked, silent)

Caller : Leave it. Did you ask Aamir if his Sister's love with Arjun is acceptable to him?

Anushka : (silent, remembered what happened that night, the cuts and bruises were still on her body)

Caller : Let me answer it for you. Aamir and his family will probably kill her if she does that ever. Because

And do not marry polytheistic men [to your women] until they believe. And a believing slave is better than a polytheist, even though he might please you. [Holy Book 2/221]

Anushka : (silent)

Caller : Don't be silent. It's the matter of your life.

Anushka : Tell me if he believed in his religion so much as you are insisting, why is it that we are in a relationship? He is Aamir. I am still Anushka. I have

still not converted to his religion. But we have been in a physical relationship all along. Had you been right, he would have converted me first. It proves he is not a blind follower of his book.

Caller : Again you are mistaken. Who said you can't have sex with him without converting? They are allowed to enjoy non-believing Anushkas and Deepikas assuming them to be their sex-slaves. But for marriage, they have to convert them. Look

…who abstain from sex, except with those joined to them in the marriage bond, or (the captives) whom their right hands possess… [Holy Book 23/5,6, 4/24, 70/27-30]

So any non-believing Anushka or Deepika who is not in marital bond with Aamirs and Saifs can also be considered as their sex slave. You agreed to sleep with him. He accepted you in bed. This is what his holy book encourages him to do. To enjoy non-believing women like sex-slaves. But in order to marry, you need to pass the litmus test of faith as stated before.

Anushka : (started crying)

Caller : Don't cry. You need to stay strong. Do you remember what he did to you when you asked what if in movie PK, Prophet replaces Ram/Krishna in the pee dialogue?

Anushka : He was very much hurt. (sobs)

Caller : What did he do to you?

Anushka : (narrates hesitatingly the story of 'love bites' which were not so lovely that night)

Caller : What happened to you that night is also not without a direction. Look, what his holy book says,

Indeed, those who abuse Allah and His Messenger - Allah has cursed them in this world and the Hereafter and prepared for them a humiliating punishment. And those who harm believing men and believing women …, ..We will surely incite you against them… Accursed wherever they are found, [being] seized and massacred completely. [Holy Book 33/57-61]

Anushka : (crying)

Caller : You can thank your God that you are still alive! I will call you tomorrow. This is not over yet.

It was evening. Anushka was not feeling well. The conversation with the unknown had shaken her to the core. Am I doing the right thing? And the doorbell rang. It was Aamir.

Aamir : Who were you talking to in morning? I tried your number several times.

Anushka : (hesitatingly) It was Mom.

Aamir : Give me your phone.

Anushka : But why? (tightened the grip on phone in her hand)

Aamir : Give it to me, bitch. I will satisfy you and your mom simultaneously in bed. (Snatched phone from her hand)

Aamir unlocked the phone. He had all passwords of hers including phone, laptop, Facebook, gmail, and other social media accounts.

Aamir : Who is this guy with an unknown number?

Anushka : (started crying)

Aamir : Tell me who he is, bitch. Are you cheating on me?

Anushka : Please Aamir, don't hurt me that much. (Embraces him in guilt)

Aamir took her up in his arms and headed towards bed. She had started crying badly now.

Anushka : Not today, my love. My wounds are still healing. Doctor has advised no physical act for 3 months. Stitches are still fresh. They pain like hell. I am still bleeding. Please.

Aamir : (removing his shirt) You have to prove your loyalty today. If you can talk to a stranger on my back, I can do whatever I want. And I will find out soon who this son of a bitch is.

Anushka folded hands but of no use. Aamir removed her hairband gently. He held her cheeks for a while gradually inserting pressure. Gave a light bite on her lips.

Aamir : Remove your top.

Anushka : Please, not today. I will die of pain.

His patience was breached now. He had already tied her hands above her head on the bed. Her legs too were tied. He now held her private part with his

hand and started pinching tightly above her trouser itself. She screamed in pain trying to push him away with her head. It didn't help much. He tightened the grip over the organ. The stitches were broken. His hand was soaked in the blood of hers. But he didn't stop. He continued to crush her wounds deeper and deeper. He wanted her to pay with her blood for talking to a stranger on phone. Her screams could not go outside the locked doors. She kept pleading but he was not in the mood to listen. 'You were talking to your Mom, haan? I will f*ck that bitch too. I can satisfy you and your mother together in the bed. You don't know what I am capable of', yelled Aamir.

Anushka had stopped resisting now. She was lying on the bed like a corpse unperturbed by his moves. With tied hands and legs. He pulled her up and removed her top. He tore apart whatever was remaining on her upper part. He was madly squeezing her bosoms. One of the bites had turned bloody. But he was on a revenge spree. Her pierced navel was brutalised with nails. Her blood-soaked underbelly was scratched with nails while she was lying emotionless with tears flowing down to ears silently. After 15 minutes of the passionate love-making (oneway), he

was finally on top of her to release his anger.

His revenge of today was complete. Anushka was still lying with torn clothes of hers covering her insufficiently. His head was now resting on her belly covered with her vaginal blood. He was fondling her thighs and hair alternatively with love and affection. The love had replaced anger.

Aamir : I love you.

Anushka : (remained silent, bursted into fresh tears)

Aamir : I can't see anyone else talk to you. I know you are mine. But I will see that son of a bitch who bothered you today. You don't worry.

Aamir gave her a kiss on her cheek and left. Anushka was still lying like a corpse. The pillow was wet with tears. The mattress was wet with sweat and blood.

15

UNUSUAL LOVE

5 months had passed. Chachi did not live with Guptas any longer. She had a fight with Mrs Gupta over a property dispute. All ties were called off. She had started living in a separate place at the other corner of the city along with Sushant. She had got a job there. She had become Sabina after changing her religion 2 months ago. Aamir had taken her to Ajmer once more in the meantime and the miraculous Fakir had blessed Chachi with the new identity. She would now offer prayers 5 times a day and was declared fit to secretly marry Aamir. Aamir had already told that she would have to be his secret wife as he won't accept her publicly for few years given family pressure. She accepted it. A handsome man 15 years younger in age, who loved her so much, who took care of her in unpleasant times, and who loved her son like his own was her choice. What if it was secretly done? Secrecy was not at all a big price for what she was going to get in return.

Aamir was ready to marry Chachi (now Sabina).

She too wanted to marry him as soon as possible. She was in a hurry in fact. She was 4 weeks pregnant with his child. It was Fakir's blessing as she recalled her Ajmer trip. She wanted to be a mother again. She wanted to see her older son play with his sibling.

However, things were not as simple. Sushant who was now Abdullah after conversion (he was converted to Aamir's religion with his mother) was not ready to come to terms with the plans of his mother and father-to-be. He hated to be called as Abdullah. He fought his mother many times for calling him with a new name. He wanted her to call him Sushant/Sushi only just like before. He had started feeling the change that man was bringing to their lives. He could now see Aamir Uncle often in his new home. He could see him lying on the bed in morning many times, hanging around with his mother casually and getting inappropriately close to her. He was old enough to feel jealous of any male who came close to his mother. He had almost caught his mother with Aamir Uncle couple of times in compromised position already.

Once it was when he returned from school and went straight to mother's bedroom. Sabina had forgotten to lock the gate in hurry that day. She managed to

avert the embarrassment only after covering herself in bed-sheet along with Aamir. Second time it was in the night last week. Aamir had come over to spend a night with her. As always, after dinner, Sabina went to bed with Sushant to make him sleep early. She hugged Sushant in her arms. When she thought he has slept, she prepared to leave his bed. He was still awake and asked mother to be with him tonight and not leave him. She had to be with him as it was her little boy's wish she could never leave unfulfilled. He slept while Aamir kept waiting. Sabina tried to explain to Aamir how it was not possible today. But like kid, man too had his own desires.

He got into the same blanket in which mother-kid duo lied. Kid was on her left. Aamir entered blanket from her right. Despite repeated requests and open show of displeasure from Sabina over his act, Aamir was too aroused to stop. He assured kid's mother that he will be silent and gentle so that the kid is not disturbed. Since the kid was half sleepy-half conscious, she could neither move nor could she say anything. She tried to request for the final time through eye contact with Aamir. But he was not in the mood to listen. He quietly explored her regions

under the blanket that he could. He found kid's hand placed over upper portion of mother's tummy and his leg covering her left thigh. His head was resting on mother's left arm.

By now Aamir had a clear idea about the explorable geography of her body that he could enjoy without disturbing the kid. He made Sabina to extend her right arm similar to her left. He placed his head on it similar to the kid. He gently put his right knee over her right thigh while exploring her knee region with his right toe. He slowly removed the Pallu from her tummy that left her midriff area completely exposed. He now put his hand on the lower region of her belly carefully so that it doesn't touch kid's hand that was placed just above. The touch of bare squishy flesh drove him mad. He was shivering in excitement. He started pulling her Saree down to make more explorable space for his hand. She helplessly tried to stop him again. But by now she was physically occupied. Left portion by kid. Right portion by Aamir. She could at best move her face and plead before Aamir to stop. He kept pulling her Saree down and stroking the milky soft flab in all directions. He grabbed the belly flesh in his hand and pinched it passionately

without thinking too much about the kid's sleep. It was indeed painful for her. She left a little scream that suddenly made Sushant to wake up. She was so embarrassed. But since the lights were off, kid could not see what really happened. Aamir had realised that Sabina was helpless. He stopped for a while which meant sorry. But he continued with his exploration the next moment. His hands touched kid's hand couple of times. The kid asked, Mom, who is this? Mom had nothing to say. She had to lie. Nothing my love. It's me only. Sleep now.

Aamir tried to go beyond the exploration. Sabina forcefully stopped him as it could embarrass her further in front of the kid. Aamir had to satisfy himself alone. He got out of bed for a while and released himself looking at Sabina's half-naked body displacing blanket. He came back to the blanket and slept like before. The kid woke up early in the morning. The blanket was displaced. He could clearly imagine what happened last night. Aamir's head was resting on mother's arm. His hand was sunk in mother's belly that was exposed hugely due to the displacement of Saree below her waist. The man's knee was still pressing mother's thigh. Her milky white lower

belly region had red scars that gave testimony of some unpleasant behaviour by Aamir Uncle towards mother. Both Aamir and mother were fast asleep without realising what the kid had just witnessed.

The kid was horrified. He immediately kicked Aamir Uncle's leg off mother's thighs. Mother suddenly woke up. She realised the situation and immediately removed Aamir's hand and head off her and pulled up her Saree to its place covering the exposed parts immediately. She covered herself in the blanket in shame.

Sushant : Mom, what is Aamir Uncle doing in our bed?

Mom : Beta, he was tired last night. He came late. His bed wasn't ready. So he came to ours.

Sushant : But he slept with you like I do. Why was he copying me? Are you his mother? Why did he touch you like that?

Mom : I am sorry my son. He did not do it intentionally. We were all in sleep. Aamir Uncle too didn't realise about his motions. It happens with us all, isn't it?

Sushant got up to get ready for school. But he had realised something different was going on for last several months which had never happened for years.

This incident made him furious. He hated Aamir Uncle. He had realised he is there to snatch the mother away. He had snatched her name. He had snatched his name. He had snatched their old home. Now he was snatching away their private space. Sushant could see his mother leaving him because of this man. Now he was doing everything to thwart it.

In all this, Sabina had informed Sushant that he was going to be the big brother. He was so happy. But brother will come with a father. 'Aamir Uncle is your new father, my baby,' mother informed the kid. And suddenly all the joy got evaporated. Kid could imagine his future. His mother going away with two strangers leaving him in a dark night. He used to get up in nights to not sleep again. Mother was in dilemma. She had come too far on the path of the new journey. His son was her first priority. But now the life had moved on. She wanted another child and was pregnant with one. Marriage was inevitable. She had no choice. She had to convince Sushant to accept Aamir as father. He was not ready to do it. Aamir

knew it well. He told Sabina not to worry.

16

THE MISSING BOY AND THE MOTHER-BRIDE

It was the painful evening for Sabina. Sushant had not returned home from school today. The bus helper had informed that the boy was not in the bus in return. None of his friends had seen him since the final school bell rang. Sabina was half-conscious. She knew her son was upset with her. Did he leave the school of his own? Did he leave not to come again? Thoughts of some unpleasant possibilities were worrying her. Why did I do that to him? I would never forgive myself if something happens to him. She kept cursing herself in deepest thoughts of guilt. Holding herself completely responsible for the catastrophe. She was all alone and had not informed anyone. She had almost cut off all ties with Guptas to avoid any future troubles that might arise due to her relationship with a man, pregnancy, religious conversion and prospective marriage.

Aamir had arrived. Sabina's eyes were looking for him. He alone had the power to rescue her.

Sabina : (crying) Aamir, please find out my son. I put him on stake for our love. Now I want him back. I can't live without him.

Aamir : Of course, we will find him. Don't worry.

Sabina : Let's go to the police to file a missing complaint. I will talk to police and inform everything I could. Maybe they might get some clue.

Aamir : (holding her shoulders) That's not needed. You are in such a distress. I can't take you out in such condition. I will find him, don't worry.

Sabina : If something happens to him, I will die.

Aamir : Don't say that. Nothing will happen. Let's pray. (Both sat in prayer's position, offered prayers with wet eyes)

Sabina : Oh Allah! Grant my child safety. Return him to me. Please.

Aamir : Aameen.

Sabina : I am alright. Let's go to the police.

Aamir : That may not be good. If we go to the police, the matter will be revealed to your family

(Guptas) too. They will get to know everything about us. Are you ready to do it?

Sabina : (keeps crying, realising her helplessness) Oh Allah. Why have you put me in such a tight spot? I have the life of my son in one hand. My future, life, husband and unborn child on the other. What can I choose between them?

Aamir : let's be positive, we will find him.

Aamir left her promising to get son back.

The doorbell rang. It was Aamir. One o'clock in the night.

Sabina : Where is Sushant?

Aamir : (silent)

Sabina : Where is my son? (grabbed his shirt's collars in frustration)

Aamir : No clue.

Sabina : (fell unconscious)

She was in Aamir's arms. Regained consciousness. Started crying.

Aamir : Pack the bags. We are going Ajmer tomorrow.

Sabina : (eyes glittered with a ray of hope) Yes, we will talk to Fakir. He is miraculous. He will tell where my child is.

Aamir : I have taken the appointment.

It was a bright sunny day in Ajmer. Seemed something big was going to happen. Fakir was waiting for them.

Sabina : Baba, my son… (started crying, couldn't utter a word)

Fakir : You can't change what Allah has written in your destiny. Everyone has to accept it with folded hands.

Sabina : Baba, please help me. Give me my son. I will do whatever you say.

Fakir : We are not here to interfere with Allah's plans, daughter.

Sabina : What do you mean?

Fakir : Don't worry about the past. Welcome the

future.

Sabina : What are you saying, Baba?

Fakir : Abdullah (erstwhile Sushant) is past now. Accept it. He is gone. Now prepare for the new life, husband and child. Prepare for future. I will pray for Abdullah! Allah will indeed grant him place in Jannat if he believed in Allah and His Prophet.

Sabina : (bursting into tears) Is he not alive?

Fakir : Be strong. We need to accept what Allah has planned.

Sabina : (shocked, aggrieved) Then I will also die.

Fakir : (held her hands) Will you kill another child that's in your womb because one is already gone?

Sabina : (mourning uncontrollably) My child did nothing wrong. Then why did it happen to him? Why? Why? Why?

Fakir : Allah tests some souls and grants them highest place in Jannat. Abdullah was such a blessed chosen one. Be proud of him. Don't disrespect him now. He is currently in the arms of the revered prophet in heavens. Something all Fakirs and Aulias

crave for! Go home, dear. Start the life afresh.

3 weeks had passed. Life had moved on. It was the wedding day, finally. Sabina wore the wedding dress after years. She was still young and attractive. Though she had adopted a simple no-showoff lifestyle for her over the years to completely dedicate her life to her only child Sushant, she was still a gorgeous woman with beautiful looks, shape and a strong personality. She wore all ornaments and makeup for this special day. She had to reach court. But she was searching for something for last 15 minutes. Checking drawers and shelves in hurry.

Finally, she had found it! It was Sushant's picture with her with his hands around her neck loaded with infinite yet indescribable mother-son love. Although she had a lot of pictures of her son in the camera and mobile phone, this picture was different. It was captured when Sushant was missing his Daddy one day. He hugged his mother saying- 'you are the best Mommy. I don't need Daddy. I will always be with you'. The boy was no longer with his Mom. The picture brought tears in mother's eyes. She kissed it with teary eyes and held it near heart for a moment. As if the mother was saying the final goodbye to her

beloved son. She kept it in a portion of her handbag that no one else apart from her had access to. The beautiful bride had left for court wiping off her tears.

Aamir had already arrived at court. It was going to be the court-marriage. No involvement of either side of the family. It was a secret marriage. Sabina had still a shred of guilt somewhere in heart for the loss of her child. She kept asking herself, am I being selfish? Could I have saved my son had I not pushed him to accept my new relationship? But then, thoughts of Ajmer would creep in. The magical words of Fakir would give her solace. Who am I to interfere in bigger designs of The Almighty? Who am I to challenge what The Divine had sealed for me in the destiny? Finally, the moment came! Sabina was now Aamir' wife!

The bride entered the room. Groom was there to welcome. Finally, the day had arrived. There was nothing illegitimate anymore between them. Neither the man's passionate rubs of her slightly swollen belly nor the life developing inside it.

17

THE DECISIVE NIGHT

Anushka had an appointment with her Gynaecologist this morning. The side effects of love were all evident on her chest, back, neck, arms, belly, hips, thighs and sensitive organs. The Doctor had said no to sex for next two months at any cost. The Doctor had also warned her of too much rough and violent methods she indulged in during the acts. But for her, physical wounds were too small when compared with the gravity of mental ones.

Aamir had changed a lot. In earlier days of a relationship, he used to be gentle. He was so caring. He hardly pinched her ever. He never bit her ever. He did not get angry at her even on phone. He was a thorough gentleman who knew how to treat his princess. But something had changed in last few months. Aamir had turned more religious. He had grown a beard. He would wear a skullcap all the time. Religiously followed the practice of worshipping 5 times a day. Excessive prayers had left a black mark

on the forehead which he was proud of. He was a totally changed man. He had not allowed her to wear Jeans since last month. Skirts, shorts, sleeveless and other normal attires were banned for her. He made her wear 'decent' dresses that covered her whole body without exposing skin. He made her cover her head as it was the symbol of 'chaste' women as per his Prophet and religion.

He talked less. Reacted more. He would carefully oversee her activities and conducts in her public and private lives. Anything that would go against his religious norms and recommendations would disappoint him. He would remember whenever his religious diktat was violated by her even unknowingly. Every single breach of commandments bore a cost. The violations were avenged in the night. Love would often come with punishment. Last week, Anushka attended a family function wearing a skirt. She did it thinking Aamir wouldn't come to know. Unfortunately, the function's pictures were shared by her cousins on social media. She was tagged in those images. She had the pictures removed within an hour. But she was late. Aamir had seen them.

Next day, the lovers were meeting. Anushka had

no clue what was waiting for her. She was lying in bed waiting for him. Aamir came with smiling face. He wanted to try something different. Anushka agreed happily. This could be a happy change in Aamir's behaviour given he had been behaving strangely these days. He had demanded something after long long time. He was taking consent after months. She was in heavens. Her old Aamir seemed to have reincarnated!

Aamir : Tie me up. My hands. My legs. Everything. Do whatever with me then. First your turn. Then it will be mine.

Anushka : Aww, so you are naughty after long long time. Thank God you are normal again. You had turned almost stranger these days.

Aamir : (silent)

Anushka's turn was complete. She kept her head on his chest while playing with his hair in affection kissing him occasionally. Her turn was over. Now it was Aamir's time. He smilingly tied her hands and legs firmly. She started to imagine some great play session with her lover after a long time. For last few months, it had been extremely painful, one-sided and without her consent. She was seeing her Gynaecologist every

few days. But she could not say no to Aamir ever. He was her love. Saying no to him meant the end of the world to her. She could never do that come what may. Aamir went to fetch something. He came back in few seconds with cigarette and lighter.

Anushka : Come on baby, smoking is not good for health. How many times I have told you.

Aamir : (silent)

Anushka : Look, you changed your look. You kept the beard. You started wearing skullcap. You changed your lifestyle. You turned extremely religious. We have stopped going to movies. I have changed myself. I have started reading your Holy Book as you told me. I never objected. But this is about your health. I can't compromise on that. Please don't smoke.

Aamir : (silent, lit the cigarette pretending not to have listened anything)

Anushka : (eyes got wet) I sacrificed so much. Changed myself completely for you. But you can't quit smoking even for yourself?

Aamir : (silent, took out his mobile phone, opened an image, kept phone in vertical position)

Anushka : (saw the image, fear gripped her face seeing her picture in a skirt at function) Listen.. that day.. my sisters.. friends.. aunts insisted me.. to wear this.. I really didn't want.. to do that.. Please forgive.. me.. I will never do.. that again..

Aamir was silent. He suddenly gagged her violently using her top that he had removed earlier. Before she could scream, her mouth was jam-packed with her cloth. She tried to oppose but had no choice. Her hands and legs were all tied for the play. The cloth was almost pushed down till throat. Her screams were dampened down to zero. Her face turned red. Blood veins on throat popped out due to excessive pressure exerted by the vocal cord in the absence of voice release. She was crying without a noise. Tears were telling the silent story.

Aamir calmly looked at the picture on phone once again. He looked composed but committed. And suddenly, his hand reached her trouser where she had tied it. He gripped it tightly and pulled down in a single stroke. She was without clothes on top already. She now had nothing on her except a thin lingerie. She was shivering in fear. She had realised that the play was not going to be ordinary. She was

moving her legs and hands in search of freedom. But it was difficult. The only thing that was free to move was her tears that continued to flow. She finally gave up. Dropped her face away in the direction opposite to Aamir. Closed her eyes.

He smoked a cigarette. Inhaled it deeper. Intensified its fire. And the next moment, the burning cigarette was rubbed on her left forearm. It was the first time Aamir used burning to punish her. Earlier, she was punished but with different methods. Once she was found guilty of greeting idol worshippers on Ganesh Chaturthi (a Hindu festival) on her social media profile despite clear instructions from Aamir of not doing same. He stripped her first and then beat her with the leather belt. The lash-marks were still there on her back, arms and legs. Another time, she was punished when she forgot to add 'Peace be Upon Him' after Prophet's name somewhere. She was confined to a room for 2 hours. In the end, Aamir imprinted Prophet's name on her thigh using an iron nail. The other time it was when she had consumed food from an outlet that was not Halal certified (not fit to be consumed by Aamirs and their future wives as per religious doctrine). He punished her this time by

kicking her around the rib cage which left her unconscious for few minutes. She was not able to breathe and was rushed to hospital. Today, she had yet again disappointed Aamir. With wearing an indecent dress which was a direct contempt of his religion.

She shivered in extreme pain the moment cigarette's tip touched her forearm. Her face turned red. Blood in her eyes. Screams not audible. Mouth filled with damper. But the body shook uncontrollably. Aamir remained composed. He again inhaled Cigarette. Once again, the intense fire was touching the skin. This time, he inserted cigarette in her armpit. Neck was next. Then came chest area. Then thigh. Similar treatment was given on her right side. Burns were created symmetrically on both sides of the body. Finally, it was the time for the last nail in the coffin of today's sin.

The cigarette was finally quenched by inserting in her sensitive part. This was the ninth burn and the most painful one. So painful that she urinated involuntarily. Aamir's hand was wet. He again looked at her party picture in his phone for which she was punished. Body parts that were exposed in the picture had been burnt. The message was clear now.

Don't expose the body parts that you don't want to get burned. The lessons had been taught. Possibilities for future violations were nipped in the bud. The punishment was complete. Aamir was normal. He was talking to Anushka while untying her. Finally, the cloth had been removed from the mouth. He wanted to listen to Anushka now. But she was silent. Badly hurt. Had just wet the bed. Due to extreme pain of multiple burning and panic. Eyes were dried up. No tears left to spend.

Aamir took her to Doctor. The latter said categorically - 'this is a Cigarette burn. Who did it'? Though Anushka was not talking to her prince but he was still her prince. She beautifully explained to Doctor how some drops of hot oil accidentally flew to her body. The prince had saved his princess from committing future sins to make her more compatible with his religion. The princess had saved his prince from legal hassles.

Anushka was home. For many months now, her life was being controlled, pushed and managed by Aamir. It was her training to be inducted in the greatest religion of the world. Training to fulfil prerequisites to convert to his religion.

Something big had happened to Anushka today. Anushka had started to realise that something wrong had happened somewhere in their 'love'. The questions raised by unknown caller had started making some sense somewhere in her mind. The context was cleared a bit. Personal experience had played its role.

Anushka needed to talk to the man. She dialled his number.

Caller : Hello.

Anushka : I hate you. But talk to me. I want to know what more can happen if I marry him. But listen, aren't all religions equal? Don't they all teach good things? Why do you always talk like a religious bigot who hates one religion?

Caller : Hmm, by now you would have understood that whatever he has done till date are not some random acts of a lover. It is well calibrated along the lines of his religious practices and commandments. He has literally followed his book in a. Enjoying you in bed without marriage b. Not letting his sister do same with Arjun c. Convincing your sister to sleep with Saif d. Convincing you to convert to his religion and e. Punishing you for 'mocking' Prophet and f.

Accusing you of cheating and unleashing worst kind of violence on you.

Now that you have agreed to convert to his religion, it will embolden him further. Conversion is a symbol of girl's surrender. Now he knows you have reached the point of no return. Now be prepared to see your future in the light of his holy book and real cases that happened involving other Aamirs and Anushkas.

In almost every case of some Aamir and some Anushka, Anushka is asked to start studying Aamir's holy book (which will be yours too very soon) which is 'truly divine' and 'without any errors'. Which establishes 'truth' in its purest form. It will be for compatibility issues that may arise once you are among his family members. Those who don't believe in holy book are punished. [Holy book 9/5, 29] Thus you need to unlearn your faith (whatever little you have), culture, tradition and lifestyle.

Anushka : I was never a firm believer of my own faith. So there won't be much to unlearn. What if I am ready to learn his religion? I can follow his religion and still respect my old one. Who can stop me? For

me all religions are same.

Caller : It doesn't matter what you think anymore. You believed all religions to be equal. Did it stop him from changing your religion? No. In all cases like yours, Anushkas are immediately asked to stop believing in 'false' gods, idols and stones as there is only one God as per Aamir's religion. Everything else, others' gods, temples, idols, faith, books are all falsehood. [Holy Book 3/85, 4/136, 48/13]. Thus, you will have to stop going to temples, stop your Puja/Aarti/worship. You will have to stop celebrating your festivals like Holi, Diwali, Karva Chauth etc as they all are symbols of 'filthy' idolatry that is the biggest sin as per Aamir's religion. [Holy Book 4/36, 48, 5/72] The girls are now duty bound to practice Aamir's religion religiously. No prayers can be missed. No outing without husband and Burqa/Hijab (full body veil). Taking part in brutal animal slaughter on the day of the festival and consuming it without complain. Since it is the part of religion, you can't deny even if you were vegetarian before.

Anushka : But I can always refuse to marry him if he forces his religion to this extent down my throat.

Caller : You may not get the chance. In almost all such cases, Aamirs convince Anushkas to get intimate before marriage itself. It gives two benefits. First, it is the symbol of girl's (especially Indian) commitment that she will not back off now and she is ready to go to any extent for the sake of the relationship. Second, being more sinister, in which, in most cases, the entire intimate act is filmed with or without girl's consent. Aamirs do it with consent with the trap of 'who will satisfy me when I am alone or I miss you?'. Gullible Anushkas take this fraud as yet another gesture of his 'irresistible' love for her. Those girls who do not agree to filming are filmed secretly where a camera is hidden behind curtains or cushions to record the complete act. Now that your relationship has reached the 'next' level and in most cases you know he has recorded the act, you would want to marry him at any cost. He knows it and thus all set to dictate terms.

Anushka : (remembered it actually happened to her, Aamir filmed her every time they got physical, shocked) But why do they do it? Aamir is in love with me. What would he do with our video? He too has a lot on stake!

Caller : That is the point. As you will see next, it

was not love in first place. They love religion. And whenever physical urges encroach on religious brains, they need a releasing mechanism. Those Anushkas who resist in anything later be it changing religion or adopting religious practices or marriage for any reason are threatened with 'I have your tapes, you don't know where you can reach now. I will spread these videos in public'. In many cases where the girls tried to come out of the relationship realising the plot, this threat was successfully used to shut their mouth. Girls who still didn't stop here found their MMS on various pornographic websites. In most cases, the boy blurs his face in the video to protect his identity while girl's face being exposed completely. Sometimes, Aamirs are bold enough to show to the world how they punish stubborn chicks with impunity. Just try to google it right now to understand what I am saying. Mention respective religions of a couple in your search for more relevant results.

Some of the girls committed suicide in shame. Some of them had to bribe a heavy amount to Aamirs to keep it secret or get it removed from the websites. After spending Lakhs, they still don't stop haunting girls. Ultimately, these girls too face a similar

fate. Either they commit suicide after spending lakhs in unsuccessful attempts of convincing boys for not doing it or they surrender to the boys. So this way, in all Aamir-Anushka affairs, where video filming is involved, there are only two outcomes. Either girl is killed or she surrenders to the boy to get married to get further exploited, violated and raped for the lifetime.

Things don't end here. In many cases, a girl who still refused to marry such guy, was asked to share a bed with boy's friends or clients as the price for keeping the film secret. The victim girls again lie on the bed for the sake of honour but get cheated once again. The whole act involving Aamirs' friend or a gang is again recorded. This time, it is not consensual. The girl is gang-raped this time. Filming gets completed. Aamir's gang gets another ammunition to exploit Anushkas. She thought she had paid price. But in reality, she has given another video to get blackmailed and gang-raped next time. This vicious circle continues itself until girl commits suicide or is forced into flesh-market and is sold to the Sheikhs or Pimps.

There is another category in this. Apart from forcing girl to come again as the price of keeping the

videos secret, Aamir's gang asks Anushka to bring a fresh face next time. A fresh face can be any virgin/ beautiful girl. Since Aamirs know full family and female friends circles of Anushkas due to a long-term association, they know exactly which sisters, cousins and friends of hers are apt for the job. In cases where girl brings along a new face, the Aamir gang is all set to film another gang-rape session. The girls who have been doing this for the sake of honour now adopt this as their fate and join prostitution.

There is the reason why Aamirs are so soft-spoken and favourite among the female family and friends circles of Anushkas from starting.

Anushka : (broke down in tears) But why do they do it at all? Some isolated incidents cannot be the norm. Are you suggesting that there is a plot behind every Aamir-Anushka love story? Why should love be seen through religious prism at all? There are no statistics to prove that boys of a community are specifically targeting girls of the other. I have not heard it before.

Caller : Unfortunately, there is a plot. Look what Aamir did to you when you asked for a similar rela-

tionship between his sister and Arjun (Anushka had developed a strange relationship with the caller, had narrated him all violent incidents with Aamir in these 5 months). Had it been love, he would have wholeheartedly accepted for his sister what he has been doing with someone else's. But you were beaten like animals at the mere mention of hers. On the other hand, he has been exploiting you physically, mentally and emotionally for over a year now. Not just that, he convinced you to force your minor sister to sleep with his cousin. While both of you sisters were busy satisfying the cousins in bed in pure love on Valentine's Night, their sister was safe and sound in her home and was not allowed to step out to meet Arjun. So the rule is clear. You and your sister are meant for their beds as slaves. But their sister is a princess, too pure to be touched by a filthy idol-worshipper.

As for statistics, as reported by India Today, erstwhile Kerala Chief Minister Oommen Chandy said, (paraphrasing) "In last 5 years alone there have been 2500 cases in Kerala alone where non-Muslim girls were converted to Islam". This has come from the chief minister of a state. On the other hand, not many cases involving Muslim girls converting to

other religions are witnessed. Extrapolating this data for national level, the figure comes at around 1 lakh Non-Muslim girls getting converted to Islam against almost negligible cases vice versa.

The National Investigative Agency (NIA) has also submitted to the Supreme Court of India that this phenomenon of Hindu girls getting converted to Islam is part of the conversion plot. Such incidents are not isolated ones but the part of a well-thought-out strategy. You can just google it.

Anushka : What do they achieve out of it? Is this religious?

Caller : It is. Trapping girls from other communities is the part of the plot as now confirmed by NIA. They have been divinely ordered to a. Fight non-believers overtly or covertly b. Abduct their women c. Either marry them in 2/3/4 numbers. Or keep them as sex-slaves and enjoy as long as you want e. Marry the one you want f. Sell the one that you no more want.

The commandment comes directly from the holy book - …We have made lawful to thee thy wives to whom thou hast paid their dowers; and those (slaves)

whom thy right hand possesses out of the prisoners of war whom Allah has assigned to thee. [Holy Book 33/50]

So it is clear. Non-believing Anushkas are meant for the enjoyment of believer Aamirs who need to be obtained by all means. Since an overt war against non-believers is not possible given their demographic superiority in India, this religious commandment is being fulfilled using covert and soft techniques. Love trap is the new form of war and the girl in love is the prisoner of this war. It is not just allowed but encouraged by the religion. It is rather a religious duty of Aamirs to trap as many girls/women from non-believers like you in love and then ruin their lives as I mentioned above. Either make her wife, torture her throughout the life, rape her every night and share her with brothers, father and friends, or sell her once she is no longer appealing or you get a new slave.

Once the girl is trapped, next objective is to fulfil next religious command vis a vis such girls which is to impregnate them which directly makes them your complete slaves or doting wives. This comes straight from the holy saying - …We got female captives in the war booty and we used to do coitus interruptus (rape

without ejaculation) with them. So we asked Allah's Apostle about it and he said, … "There is no soul that is destined to exist but will come into existence, till the Day of Resurrection." [Sahih Bukhari 7/62/137]

Anushka : (Silent)

Caller : Now let me come back to what will happen to you further in the light of what has happened till now. You are all set to convert already. Now he will give you the list of do's and don'ts. The first in the list would be your dress-code. No more Jeans-top, skirts and casual wears. Because - …tell your… women of the believers to bring down over themselves of their outer garments.. [Holy Book 33/59]

In short, any garment that is not covering you from head to ankle will be disapproved.

Anushka : (Silent. remembering what Aamir did to her on wearing skirt that night)

Caller : Now you convert to his religion. For you its nothing. But for them, it is a big thing. You will be taken to his worship place. The religious cleric will make you blabber some lines after him which you won't understand. Gullible girls believe that this is

the end of the religious angle. Now there will only be love forever. The marriage takes place. Once you convert to his religion, you will have to marry him under religious personal laws of his religion which have full sanction of Indian constitution.

Anushka : (silently cried)

Caller : As soon as you get married, you will get the first but not the last shock of your life. As soon as you would want to visit your parents, you will be denied. You will be asked to cut off relationship with your parents because they are still not following your religion and are hence sinners. You will no longer be allowed to celebrate Raksha Bandhan and tie Rakhi on your Brother's wrist because - O you who have believed, do not take your fathers or your brothers as allies if they have preferred disbelief over belief. And whoever does so among you - then it is those who are the wrongdoers.. [Holy Book 9/23]

Anushka : No, tell me this is not true. I can refuse to obey his orders. How can he stop me from meeting my own parents?

Caller : It is as true as your love for Aamir and his play with you. He will stop you to meet your parents

just like he stopped you from following their religion. It was you who conveyed to him that it is you who is going to surrender every time. As for 'how can he do that to me', here is how. You will have to surrender your rights to his wills because men are the maintainers of women because Allah has made men superior to women and because they spend out of their property; the good women are therefore obedient, guarding the unseen as Allah has guarded… [Holy Book 4/34]

So it may happen that you will not be able to see your parents' face again.

Anushka : I can refuse to obey him. I am not a domestic animal.

Caller : You will be made one. As per Al Tabari IX:113 - Treat women well for they are like domestic animals and they possess nothing themselves. Allah has made the enjoyment of their bodies lawful in his Book."

Anushka : Disgusting. I will revolt. Aamir will have to listen to me.

Caller : Although you are supposed to be treated well (!) just like domestic animals there as per above

statement, they will beat the crap out of you if you don't obey Aamir or his family members. This will happen as per holy book - Men are in charge of women … So righteous women are devoutly obedient, guarding in [the husband's] absence what Allah would have them guard. But those [wives] from whom you fear arrogance - advise them; forsake them in bed; and strike them. [Holy Book 4/34]

In a nutshell, you will be beaten like domestic animals by him and you can't complain. Just check statistics of Pakistan or Saudi. Above 90% women there have been programmed to believe that husband has right to beat and forced sex.

Anushka : I have never been beaten in my whole life. My parents have never touched me. Nobody can touch me.

Caller : Really? Look into the mirror. What are the bruises on your face? Did you meet an accident to earn those? What happened on Valentine's Night? Anyway, after marriage, you will not get even chance to open your mouth.

Anushka : No one can shut me up. I compromised for the sake of love that day. It doesn't mean I

can tolerate this forever.

Caller : Really? You had nothing to lose that day. Still, you compromised. After marriage, you will have so much at stake! Marriage itself, the so-called love, family's honour, your own ego that you took 'right' decision of marrying him and much more! How will you not compromise then?

Anushka : (sobbed silently)

Caller : Well, the girls who try to demand their rights post marriage are termed as lewd and are silenced as per holy book [4/15] - If any of your women are guilty of lewdness, take the evidence of four witnesses from amongst you against them; if they testify, confine them to houses until death claims them.

So remember, if you disagree with anything he or his family members say, you may get yourself killed after house confinement and fatal physical and mental tortures. This will happen as per divine commandments of merciful God of the religion to which you have just converted 2 days ago.

Anushka : This is unbelievable. Does this happen

in reality? I doubt.

Caller : It has happened. You can google it. But you are right. Most Aamirs are merciful and compassionate. Hence they follow relatively pro-women verses from holy book and sayings. For example, you will be stripped naked before getting beaten in separate rooms and confined. Once you apologize, you will get food to eat and clothes to cover yourself. But your life will be spared. Have a look - Allah permits you to shut them (wives) in separate rooms and to beat them. If they abstain, they have the right to food and clothing. [Tabari IX:113]

Anushka : (cried) I can't believe Aamir can do this to me. How many times he has kept his head on my chest and in my lap in affection. He can never do that.

Caller : If he can bite the very breasts he fondly played with, the very midriff that he rubbed in affection, the very thighs that he massaged in passion, and the very sensitive organs that he had entered countless times in love, he can certainly do it again. He will hit the very chest he had fondled for so long because he is ordained to. That's the beauty of the peaceful religion. The Prophet's wife Aisha said:

Prophet struck me on the chest which caused me pain, and then Prophet said: Did you think that Allah and His Apostle would deal unjustly with you?… [Muslim, book 4, hadith-2127]

Anushka : This can't be true. How can God approve of such violence against wives? Is this not a sin?

Caller : This is not a sin. Every Aamir knows that The Prophet said: A man will not be asked as to why he beat his wife. [Abu Dawud (2142)]

Anushka : I want to cry.

Caller : Don't cry. Because God is most merciful. Aamir's Prophet has another pro-women saying. The prophet said, "None of you should flog his wife as he flogs a slave and then have sexual intercourse with her in the last part of the day." [Bukhari Vol. 7, #132]

So be happy that you are no longer his slave whom he can flog and then rape the same day. You have evolved! The days of your beating and rape will be different. After all, you are his wife. In short, you will have to face all this if you are not killed in confinement. Your phone may not be allowed with you

anymore in confinement. Your parents are already out of your reach now.

Anushka : Such situation can not arise ever. I will have my friends too to rescue me in case I need to be.

Caller : Unfortunately, you will have to do that in dreams. Because you will have to cut off the ties with all your friends on Day one of the marriage. Because Let not the believers take the unbelievers for friends rather than believers; and whoever does this, he shall have nothing of Allah, but you should guard yourselves against them… [Holy Book 3/28, 4/1444, 5/57]

Anushka : This is rubbish. This can't be true. Who follows it?

Caller : Same people who have got you converted. Otherwise, who does it?

Anushka : It is scary.

Caller : I have not discussed the scariest part yet. Do you have guts to listen?

Anushka : Go ahead. It is scary as hell. But I need to know.

Caller : By this time when girl is cut off from parents, siblings and friends, she accepts her fate. When she doesn't get what she likes, she starts liking what she gets. She starts to feel husband's rights in her beating. She starts seeing the passion in violent rapes every night. She starts accepting forced stripping and confinement as legitimate punishment for herself against her evil acts such as not cooking Biryani properly, not washing his shirt properly or not ironing it or not offering prayers on time. She starts taking pride in covering herself up completely in Burqa. She starts believing other women, her family members, friends and rest as sinners who roam 'naked' exposing everything. This gives the woman some solace in otherwise hostile situations. Soon, she turns religious. She becomes more religious than the husband himself. She now wants to woo his religious husband and in-laws by becoming more religious. She starts reading the holy book afresh. And this paves a new way in her life.

Anushka : What's that? What is left now?

Caller : She conceives her first child. As soon as she reveals it, her Aamir knows it is the right time to set some more rules. Your job, if you are working,

will end. You will not be allowed to step out most of the times. Even if you are allowed, you will not go out without Burqa. And above all, a strange behaviour of the husband is observed in most such cases since the pregnancy starts. The more you care about yourself and your unborn, the more will it upset the husband. He will find Biryani too salty one day or a shirt poorly ironed. Or your 'no' one night in bed will upset him beyond limits. The more you try to apologise, the louder will be his screams. All the holy verses I shared above will come in practice.

There have been cases where Anushkas were taken to separate room and stripped naked as punishment. Their thighs or arms or bellies are burnt with the same iron that upset Aamirs over shirt. In some cases, cigarettes were used to give burns. In a case, burning cigarette was inserted into her sensitive part. She was later rescued by neighbours. In more than one cases, Aamir, while beating Anushka, kicked her in the belly which led to a painful miscarriage.

Anushka : (crying) Tell me this is just a story. How can a woman bear so much pain?

Caller : Not all women have to bear this pain for

long. Some commit suicide by this time. Some die during a miscarriage. The strong ones survive to live further. If you are lucky, you give birth to a baby boy. If you produce a baby girl, you are doomed. You will be cursed forever for bearing a girl. Far from tall claims of women's rights in Aamir's religion, realities are not so tall. Women and girl-child are not so welcome there. You and your newborn will be crooks and the source of evil as per the holy saying - Muhammad said: woman is like a rib. When you attempt to straighten it, you would break it. And if you leave her alone you would benefit by her, and crookedness will remain in her. [Muslim, Book #008, Hadith #3466]

You and your newborn will be equated to dogs, donkey, pigs and black dogs as per the holy sayings of Prophet - Narrated 'Aisha: The things which annul prayer were mentioned before me (and those were): a dog, a donkey and a Woman." (Bukhari,V1B9N493)

You and your newborn will be dirty untouchables worse than dirt outside bed as per holy book- Believers, approach not prayers with a mind befogged or intoxicated… If you are ill, or on a journey, or come from answering the call of nature, or you have

touched a woman, and you find no water, then take for yourselves clean dirt, and rub your faces and hands. [Holy Book 4/43]

You and your daughter will be blamed for everything bad happening to him or his family henceforth as per the holy saying - Allah's Messenger had said. If bad luck is a fact, then it is in the horse, the woman and the house. [Muslim, Book #026, Hadith #5526]

Anushka : This is all so violent and creepy. This can't be a religion in the first place if it is true.

Caller : There is a reason why Aamir's religion is the only religion to practice filth like sex-slavery to this date in era of satellites. The basic assumption for every woman be it mother or sister or wife or daughter or slave or stranger is that she is the source of evil in general and hence needs to be kept under control. Since she is a crook, she must bleed every month. She has been made stupid by Almighty only to be enjoyed by men in bed. Check this:

As per Al Tabari 1-280, Allah said, 'It is My obligation to make Eve bleed once every month as she made this tree bleed. I must also make Eve stupid, although I created her intelligent.' Because Allah afflicted Eve,

all of the women of this world menstruate and are stupid.

Your worth will always be half as compared to men because - Allah directs you in regard of your Children's (inheritance): to the male, a portion equal to that of two females. These are settled portions ordained by Allah. [Holy Book 4/11]

You and your daughter will remain a dumb creature whole your life in the eyes of Aamir and his family. Your testimony will have half the weightage of Aamir's. Because as per holy saying - The Prophet said, 'Isn't the witness of a woman equal to half of that of a man?' The women said, 'Yes.' He said, 'This is because of the deficiency of a woman's mind.' [Bukhari:V3B48N826]

You will be forced to pray and fast on normal days. But you will not be able to pray or fast during your menses. While you might be screaming in pain, they all will laugh at you because "And mind you, when a woman has her periods she is not allowed to pray or to fast. This is the measure of your deficiency in religion." [Bukhari vol 1, hadith 301]

Anushka : But in their book, I have read that God

gives heaven for good people. Then why should I worry?

Caller : That's true. But what is good as per their norm is decided by them alone. And it has been decided. After all the sacrifices you make for him including cutting off relationship with your parents, changing your religion, prayers, getting beaten by him, and obeying him whole your life, you will still most probably land in hell because of not satisfying your husband to the required mark. As per holy saying - The Prophet said: 'I was shown the Hell Fire and the majority of its dwellers were women who are disbelievers or ungrateful.' When asked what they were ungrateful for, the Prophet answered, 'All the favours done for them by their husbands'. [Bukhari: V1B2N28]

You will be put to extreme physical torture and punishments beyond your imagination on a mere accusation of adultery or cheating. Because, as per Ishaq:185, In hell I (Prophet) saw women hanging by their breasts. They had fathered bastards.

Anushka : If they hate womenfolk so much, why do they believe in a social contract like marriage?

Caller : That is what you have understood by their notion of 'marriage'. They are clear in their minds. You are no more than a commodity there. You will be treated as a good that can be replaced by another more beautiful one even after marriage. You will come to know that it wasn't love but something else that made Aamir marry you. Because as per holy saying - A woman may be married for four reasons: for her property, her status, her beauty and her religion. [Muslim, Book #008, Hadith #3457]

Aamir can get your replacement anytime if he wills because Ali [Muhammad's adopted son, son-in-law, and future Caliph] said, 'Prophet, women are plentiful. You can get a replacement, easily changing one for another.' [Tabari VIII:62]

Anushka : But I am told that wife has all rights. It is different from slaves as you are pointing out.

Caller : Just look at you. Now when you have come to know that his religion encourages sex-slavery and rape, you are still trying to find justification for conversion! Anyway, the wife is not different from a sophisticated sex-slave or an animal in status in Aamir's religion. Because The Prophet said: If one of

you marries a woman or buys a slave, he should say: "O Allah, … I take refuge in Thee from the evil in her…" When he buys a camel, he should take hold of the top of its hump and say the same kind of thing. [Abu Dawood Book #11, Hadith #2155]

Anushka : (silent)

Caller : Now make your mind strong. This can disturb you forever. Just remember for time being that you are no different from a sex-slave as per the holy book. And hence your daughter will not be considered as your husband's. A prevalent tendency in such cases is seen where the man starts making sexual advances towards his own daughter. She can be 20 years or 10 years or 6 years or 1 year or even a few months. There is a disgusting truth of slavery in Aamir's religion, which is there is no minimum age limit on slaves. So technically, a man's daughter from a slave is yet another slave for him who is there to satisfy his pedophiliac urges. Babies as small as 6 years and even less have been raped and were bled to death in the process. Just google it out. What was the age of youngest wife of Prophet?

In a nutshell, if you bring a daughter into this

world, be prepared to share your loving husband and bed with her. If she is lucky, she can survive beyond 6 years. The older she gets, the bolder become his advancements. By the time she reaches 12, she becomes an ideal deal for flesh-traders where minors are in demand by Sheikhs and Billionaires of Saudi and UAE. Check out Hyderabad girls with Sheikhs - temporary marriage on google to know what I am saying. Since womenfolk are stupid, crook, deficient and as worthy as goods as per the holy book, the girls/women are actually sold to Sheikhs per hour/ day/month/annual basis depending upon Sheikhs' interest.

There are all chances that your daughter will be taken away from you to never get returned. You will never know where she has been shipped to. Maybe Mumbai or Delhi or Hyderabad or Dubai or Jeddah? You can only speculate.

Anushka : Don't scare me further. I am feeling like hell.

Caller : This is not over yet. In case you produce a baby boy, you are relatively relieved. But the relief will be short-termed. In many cases, as soon as a woman

starts breastfeeding the baby, the husband creeps in. Many women complain about their husbands forcibly sucking the other breast while the baby is being fed. Just google Fatwas on Adult Breastfeeding to know what I am talking about. Worse is yet to come. Such husbands have tendencies to sleep with the wife while the son is also sleeping with her. There have been cases in which woman was forced to indulge in the act while her son was sleeping in her arms. Fatwas can be checked on this too.

Anushka : This is disgusting. This can't be true.

Caller : This is what you have decided to convert to. Denial is never the solution. You will have to be prepared to be a prostitute in bed who can be violated from any direction in any manner at any time by husband or master. You will be nothing more than a tilth! If you feel sick or are not in the mood, your husband has right to rape you. You have no option to say no to unnatural or oral acts. Because - "Your wives are as a tilth unto you; so approach your tilth when or how ye will." [Holy Book 2/223]

Saying no is not an option for women. Because when a woman refuses to come to her husband's bed,

angels curse her until she returns. [Bukhari, Book of Nikah 3:96]

Even if a woman is busy cooking for her hungry children, she can't refuse husband's orders to come to bed immediately because when a man sends for his wife for the satisfaction of his need, she should go to him even if she may be occupied in baking bread. [Trimidhi]

No matter what wife is doing, if husband needs her in bed, she has to appear without getting late because as per holy saying, Once, Muhammad saw a woman, and so he came to his wife, Zainab, as she was tanning leather and had sexual intercourse with her. He then went to his Companions and told them: The woman advances and retires in the shape of a devil, so when one of you sees a woman, he should come to his wife, for that will repel what he feels in his heart. [Muslim, Book #008, Hadith #3240]

Anushka : I can't do this.

Caller : It will no longer be your choice. It goes away the moment you convert to his religion. There is much more. As soon as you signed the marriage contract under his religious laws, by law, you submitted

that you allow him to marry 2nd, 3rd and 4th wife without your consent. [As per Holy Book 4/3] This won't be told you at the time of marriage. But the nature of their marriage act is like that. Indian constitution and law won't be able to save you once you become his wife. 4 wives are allowed to Aamir as per constitution. In fact, you won't have any mechanism to even ascertain whether you are the only wife of your lover. You will get to know this only after your marriage when it is too late. In most such cases, the boy already has a few wives that he hid from you. By the time you realise this, you are carrying his son inside you and you want to compromise for him. Thus, all Aamirs are quick in getting Anushkas pregnant. In many cases, girls get pregnant even before marriage. This also acts as an additional pressure point for her conversion for marriage's sake. And once the marriage happens under Aamir's religious laws, no power in this world including Indian courts can punish him for having multiple wives or cheating. And then you again accept your fate like you did before many times.

Anushka : So you mean to say that there are chances Aamir already has one or more wives even now?

Caller : Yes, most probably. But this is still not the worse. When you have kids, and you displease your husband in any manner, you can be paraded naked in front of your kids and other family members as punishment for waking up late in morning. Because - The Prophet's wives awoke late one morning. He said, "Many women who are dressed up in this world will be raised unclothed in the Hereafter" [Kitabul Fatan 3:718]

Anushka : So filthy. But I can always take divorce and put an end to this at any time I wish.

Caller : No. Marriage in Aamir's religion is one-way traffic for women. A woman can enter in it at her will but can not exit with her will. Because by law, only husband has all exclusive rights to divorce you without your consent and kick you out of the house and marriage unilaterally. No courts will be able to save you. Aamir's have Veto Power in marriage and divorce.

Anushka : This can't be true. Mutual divorce is right of every couple. How can it be possible?

Caller : This you had to think before signing marriage contract under his religious laws which are

governed by his holy book. His holy book contains the word divorce almost 17 times and interestingly, not even a single time, this word has been used to command women. Everywhere, God only talks with men about what they should do and what they should not while divorcing women. This phenomenon of instructing one gender and ignoring other proves that this religion has no provision for women to divorce if they wish. That is why you always get the news of women from this community trying to abolish a current divorcing system which is completely in men's control.

So in a nutshell, forget about divorcing him. But now is the time for the climax. You are now a mother of 2 kids. After 4 years of violent marriage, you are no longer in proper shape. Your charm has gone. Thus you no longer attract Aamir. And one day, he sends SMS with text Talaq Talaq Talaq from his factory where he is an operator. The divorce has come into effect immediately. No power on earth can now undo this.

Anushka : But I can convince him that it is not good. At least for kids' sake, he will have to listen to me.

Caller : He can't. First of all, he will divorce you for his reasons. Thus he will have no plans to undo it. Secondly, even if you convince him miraculously to undo divorce, it has gone out of his hands too. Because - if a husband divorces his wife, He cannot, after that, remarry her until after she has married another husband and He has divorced her. When ye divorce women, and they fulfil the term of their ['Iddat], either take them back on equitable terms or set them free. [Holy Book 2/230-231]

It means even if he wants to take you back, you first have to marry another man, sleep with him and after making sure that you have not conceived new man's child for over a period, then he (new husband) can divorce you if he likes. And once he does that, you can remarry your old husband.

Anushka : This is like prostitution. Its filthy beyond limits.

Caller : Wait. It does not end here. In case Aamir decides to divorce you anyway, the custody of your children will go with Aamir. You will only be allowed to keep the child that you are breastfeeding currently. You can keep him for a maximum of two years if

Aamir allows you to. Because - The mothers shall give such to their offspring for two whole years [after divorce], if the father desires to complete the term. [Holy Book 2/233]

After 2 years, that child will also go to Aamir. All your children whom you bore and loved more than your life will be snatched away from you in a moment forever.

You will ultimately get nothing out of marriage except for memories of hundreds of rapes that you underwent during this time, scars, cuts, bruises, bites, and a few broken bones in the body.

Anushka : But what if he doesn't divorce me?

Caller : That will be the ultimate worse. By now, he would want to get rid of you for reasons told before. He will force you to sleep with his Brothers, cousins, friends and father. As soon as you are raped by any of them, you, technically, become their wife too. Check Fatwa in Imrana Case of Muzaffarnagar where the girl (28, mother of 5) was raped by her father-in-law and clerics declared this rapist as her new husband. Rape was considered as marriage. In short time, you will be forced to sleep with as many

men of the family and friends in front of your kids. This will be so disgusting that you would prefer to join prostitution than being in that house.

Anushka : (checking Fatwa online) I can't take this anymore.

Caller : Lastly, he will charge you with adultery to get rid of you. When asked for proofs, he will say - I am the proof - four times and this will be the admissible proof. This will be done in accordance with Holy Book [24/6] - And for those who launch a charge against their wives, accusing them, but have no witnesses or evidence, except themselves; let the testimony of one of them be four testimonies, (swearing four times) by Allah that he is the one speaking the truth.

Anushka : What can he do with this?

Caller : That's the end of yours. Because as per holy book [4/15] - If any of your women are guilty of lewdness, take the evidence of four witnesses from amongst you against them; if they testify, confine them to houses until death claims them.

Now you are in his hands. Aamir can do whatever

he likes to with you. You are his slave now who needs to be dumped. And what can be the best way than to sell you to flesh-traders that can earn him a few lakhs which will enable him with new bikes and impressive lifestyle to impress next Anushka? The Holy Book comes to his rescue again because "Force not your slave-girls to whoredom (prostitution) if they desire chastity, that you may seek enjoyment of this life. But if anyone forces them, then after such compulsion, Allah is oft-forgiving." [Holy Book 24/34]

So no wonder if the journey of your love ends at a red light area or at a Sheikh's Harem in Hyderabad or Dubai as per the Divine sanction of God. Thousands of girls are already missing. No one knows what has happened to them. Some of them were last seen in train to Hyderabad and flights to Jeddah.

Anushka : (cries for 5 minutes) Is not there any other possible scenario?

Caller : There is. You bear everything and he has not yet sold you. Now your kids are grownups. They are 7 in numbers. 2 girls, 5 boys. Girls have been sold to pimps already by Aamir. 3 Boys have joined SIMI (banned terror outfit - Student Islamic Movement

of India) and 2 have joined IM (Indian Mujahideen). The buds of love (!) have now turned Cactus and are all set to shed blood of the idolaters, the same idolaters once their mother belonged to.

Anushka : I will die.

Caller : Promise me, you won't. You will have to stay strong and not marry him come what may. Be prepared for his blackmails. But don't surrender at any cost. Because if you do today, you will end up killing yourself very soon.

Anushka : I promise, I will not marry him. I will never convert to his religion.

You are a good man. But what did you achieve out of all this? How does it matter to you what happens to me?

Caller : (silent)

Anushka : I want to meet you.

The phone call was cut leaving her question unanswered. It was 4 o'clock in morning. Her brain was about to explode after what she heard for last 3 hours. The 'religious fanatic' had done his job it seemed.

18

THREE YEARS LATER

3 years had passed. The Investigative Agency (TIA) finally busted a major racket of ISIS recruits in Kerala. A burqa-clad woman was nabbed. Revelations were shocking. ISIS was recruiting not just men but girls. Sabina was in-charge of recruiting girls to serve the Jihadis.

Every female recruit was a non-Muslim girl. The network was spread all across India. TIA got a lot of vital information. But they just had Sabina to lead them to everyone else.

Sabina was a tough case. She refused to cooperate despite her gentle manners. There was a robotic way to her manners and words. Dry cold expressionless eyes. That blank smile. Those verses from Holy Book. Nothing more could be extracted from her. Tortures, threats, incentive to free her - nothing worked.

The TIA Kerala Chief received a phone call : 'Let

Veer meet her. He can help.'

Chief : Who are you?

Caller : The same person who informed you about the racket.

Chief : How can Veer help?

Caller : He knows these fanatics by their blink. Has he not helped you in past?

Chief : Of course. But we did not know he can help in interrogation.

Caller : This is no more a case of interrogation. It is different.

Chief : We will contact him. Thanks for your help.

Caller : Thanks for helping the nation. I have lost a lot. I hope we do not lose more.

Phone disconnected.

Veer was brought in the interrogation room. Inspector was taking notes. Chief was watching through the glass.

Veer : Sabina, I know what you have faced. I can

read in your eyes. I want to help you.

Sabina: (recites a Quranic verse)

Veer : How far will you deny it?

Sabina : (recites another verse)

Veer : You are trapped. It was not your fault, you think. But it was yours.

Sabina : (expressions change)

Veer : What Heaven and Hell? You know these stories are just to help you forget the tragedy you have faced. To forget the price you paid. They used you. You know it is a lie. You are well educated to not believe in these tribal superstitions. But you are clinging to it because guilt will kill you otherwise. You killed everyone around you. You killed your own children.

Sabina : (visibly uncomfortable)

Veer : What if your child was killed due to this madness? Will you kill your own child? In fact, you have killed your own child. Are those who get killed in terror attacks, not like your own children?

Sabina (shouts violently) : Yes I have killed my child. I killed my child. I loved him. But I killed my child. You made me kill him. You are responsible. You all are responsible. And I will make you pay for this.

Sabina weeps unconsolably.

Veer : Did you lose your child? Who killed him?

Sabina : (still weeping bitterly)

Veer : Are you not helping those who killed him?

Sabina : No, you killed him. You all.

Veer: How? We have met for the first time.

Sabina : Enough. Who taught that all people are good? No religion teaches violence? What was my fault? That I lost my husband? That I cared for my son? That I trusted that Ajmer Baba who said Aamir is my life now? Why do you run these fraud places who destroy lives? Who fool innocent women. And make them into me? Who is responsible? Why does government promote all this? And when a Sarita becomes Sabina because of your failure, I am made a criminal? But tell me, what was Sushant's fault?

Where is he? Is he even alive? I just want him.

Her sobbing was uncontrollable.

Veer had done his job. Sabina had broken down. The leads she gave would help nab a huge network. But details she gave were far more serious.

TIA realized that the poison is spread far deeper. It is no more a few misled individuals. It is a poison tree that continues to produce one poison-fruit after another. And faster than ever before. The country is sitting on a time bomb.

And the modus operandi is far more sinister than they could imagine. Non-muslim girls would be trapped. Made to bear children. Families threatened. And made to recruit more victims. Support came from unexpected corners of society.

Weak minded girls would become Jihadis themselves. Others would be coerced. Or sold. Or killed. Either way, it was a demographic victory at the least. And a war against the state.

Sabina begged for two favours. To track her lost son, Sushant and her niece Anushka - who was married to her mentor and ex-husband Aamir.

19

MISSING MOTHER

Two kids - 2 years old and an infant of 3 months - were crying in Seelampur police station, Delhi. The mother - Mahzabeen was missing since last Friday. Sabina had led Police to Aamir - a major recruiter who would marry Hindu, Sikh, and Christian women and convert them. This was yet another inter-religious marriage case among many others where the wife then went missing leaving behind her children. But now a deeper terror link emerged that was hidden so far.

The TIA had finally cracked the case after 2 months of restless investigation. The case was now being inducted as a test case to solve missing mysteries at TIA. The revelations shocked everyone.

Aamir had met this girl Mahazabeen 4 years ago in a Dandiya Night. He wore a saffron band in hand. The girl was a superb dancer. A college-going girl with pretty looks and attractive personality. Sharp in studies with dancing as passion. Aamir was a superb

dancer too. Both formed a dancing couple for that night. And they fell in love. Aamir later revealed that he belonged to a different community. But who cared? His participation in the religious night of other community was appreciated as proof of him being a liberal progressive person in girl's circles. Friendship turned into love. Both met frequently and soon it was the matter of life and death for them. And then came his Birthday. The party was over. There were only two of them left in the hotel room. Aamir wanted most special Birthday gift ever. The girl was emotionally targeted to get intimate that night. She submitted to his Birthday wish. It was her first time. The boy also claimed the same. Revealed girl's diary.

Girl bled heavily that night. The whole act of love was recorded by the boy. On her objection, he told that he would want to feel her every moment and thus he recorded the moment. They met intimately at her home, his home, hotel room and Old Fort. Description of every time were recorded in the personal diary of the girl. To the shock of the TIA, there were exactly 18 videos of the intimate act between the two in Aamir's laptop who was now absconding.

The revelations of TIA continued…

20

18 BLUE FILMS

The investigation revealed further. The girl was deeply in love with him. She gave him everything. But it was not so simple from the other side. The first video of the first night was doing rounds on major Desi pornographic websites the very next day. The title was 'Hindu Randi ki seal todi' (Hindu Virgin Whore F****d). It fetched a million views within a week. He was paid Rs 50,000 by the website owners for this video. And now he knew what was to be done.

He would visit her twice a month, indulge in the act, film it and leave. The girl was proud of her lover who was so passionate about her. She was in heavens. On the other hand, Aamir was in his heaven. He had purchased a brand-new motorbike, a gold-chain and gold-bracelet. He also gifted her diamond pendant. His frequency of her visit increased. But for last few times, she had started feeling uncomfortable while the act. He was getting more aggressive, rough and violent during the act. His gentle caressing was replaced by nail-scratches. His fondling was replaced

by painful squeezes. His light massages were replaced by blood-curdling bites on sensitive and private parts. Revealed her diary.

She tried to talk to him a couple of times about this. But he never listened. She was under stress. But he knew what he was doing. After 8-10 videos on the internet, negative feedback from users and website owners starting coming. It was getting repetitive. He was hardly getting paid Rs 2000 to 3000 only for a film these days which touched 50,000 once. He was told that genres like 'shy', 'forced', 'painful', 'submission', 'crying', 'violent', 'screaming', 'full hand' etc were trending on top. Any video that was not in the above category was hard to sell. And he did to her exactly what he had to do to improve on the financial front. All this was revealed by his email exchanges with website owners hacked by TIA's cyber cell.

Her diary revealed that she was admitted to hospital twice after the act. Once he inserted the whole hand in anger when he failed to make her reach climax. Second time, he inserted a ball pen which led to bleeding after her internal organ got damaged by the sharp ballpoint. She was horribly upset over his reaction both times. She wrote - 'even after I started

bleeding and almost died crying of unbearable pain, he continued with and completed the acts both times and never looked concerned about what could happen to me.'

After some 15 odd videos, the website owners told him point-blank. 'Bring fresh face now. She has been exhausted. We are not getting viewership anymore.' Revealed cyber cell further.

He was now on his new assignment.

21

THE FINAL PLOT

The Investigative Agency revealed further. Aamir invited her on Birthday of his cousin named Saif. It was coincidentally the Valentine's Day. He insisted her to come along with her sister (16). Despite girl's hesitation in involving minor sister in an early relationship, he insisted for the meeting of his cousin and her sister on this special day. The four met in a hotel. The lovers went to their respective rooms. Now there were two films being shot. One with consent. The other being recorded in innocent girl's room without her knowledge.

The new video rocked porn circles next day. It titled - 'Shy helpless Hindu teen drugged and enjoyed by Muslim boyfriend'. The video broke all previous records. It was filmed carefully so that every moment right from drugging her to getting gradually unconscious to play with her body to finally rape her in completely unconscious state was recorded with clarity.

The girl had been robbed. She was warned in morning not to open mouth not even to her elder sister. 'We have your video and we will make it viral. You, your sister and your family members will have to commit suicide out of shame. So keep your mouth shut', she was told. She was dropped at her sister's residence. Now both Sisters were Desi porn sensations.

TIA further revealed from woman's diary that the matter became complex when someone entered the scene with his phone calls. She was yet not aware of the videos of hers and sister's that had gone viral and earned lakhs to her boyfriend. After few months of stranger's communication, she got convinced that she was in a trap of religious fanatics who may have terror linkages. It was her time to call it off. She sent Aamir a message - 'It's all over. Don't meet me again.'

Aamir knew it before. He was doubting her for some days. He was prepared with a response. He sent her sister's rape video in reply to the message. He also sent her a sample of few recorded videos. He further added - 'I can make you sisters famous on internet with a single click. So do what I tell you bitch.' She had now realised that her sister was raped in an

unconscious state by none other than her boyfriend's brother whom she met the same day. She allowed her to remain with Saif to help both understand each other better but something else had happened. She almost died of shock once she realised why Aamir used to film every act. The caller was right. It was a betrayal. And the cost was going to be huge.

22

THE COST OF LOVE

Anushka became Mahzabeen. Her diary revealed more. She had left all her family members and friends forever. It was her first wedding night. Aamir was waiting with Saif in the room. They were furious over the mess she had created at the last moment. She needed to be taught a lesson of a lifetime. She was asked to lie down on the bed between the two Brothers. She was in tears already. She was not aware that she has paid the cost for something that never existed. All videos of hers and Deepika were all over the pornographic sites already. But she, being unaware of this fact, had come prepared to pay the price of her sister's dignity and safety with her life.

She hesitantly sat between the two. Saif pulled her hair and forced her to lie down. These were same hands that Anushka held as an elder sister once. How many times she had fed him like Brother. But today he was behaving as if she was his booty. Aamir tied her hands above her shoulders to the bed's rod. It was Saif's turn to punish her first. The person who raped

her sister earlier was now raping her. She thought of her as brother but he knew she was a mere slave as per divine orders of the holy book. While she was being raped, Aamir was crushing her breasts with his bare hands. Her screams were loud but of no use. She was in confinement sanctioned by the holy book and now was the turn to implement the other punishment.

It was Aamir's turn now. He asked Saif to disrobe her. Let her parade naked in front of us for next hour. The next moment, her blouse was torn apart. Her Lehnga was pulled down and the undergarments were snatched away from the body. She tried to hide her private parts with her hands but failed. She was flogged whose marks were visible on her bare chest, back, thighs, legs and arms. In the end, she collapsed. Now it was time to give her final punishment of the night. She fell unconscious on the floor. Aamir raped her in that very state. She gained her consciousness back between the act. Aamir pulled out and in extreme anger, inserted a plastic bottle in her sensitive zone. It was her last scream of the night. She again fell unconscious bleeding severely. She kept pleading to take her to hospital. But no one listened.

She survived miraculously. She could not walk for two weeks. But Aamir would not spare her even in this state. He raped her daily brutally. She bled every time. Aamir stopped the day he got to know that Anushka is pregnant. Anushka planned to abort child secretly but failed. Aamir got to know the plan. She was beaten like dogs that day. She was starved for 4 days in the confinement of separate room. She could exactly remember what the caller had explained to her.

Committing suicide was the only way out for Anushka. But even that was not so easy. Aamir had already told him that the day she does anything like that, all her videos and her sister's would be made public. The woman could not even die because she cared for sister and family.

She had now a new challenge to face. Aamir had started abusing her stating who is the father of the unborn. He or Saif? He would beat Anushka over this. She was now termed as a cheater who has cheated on her husband. One day, Aamir beat her with a cricket bat. The beating was so severe that she had her spine fractured. She was admitted to hospital. When asked who did it, she told she fell from stairs. She knew

how to protect her husband from outsiders. She was 6 months pregnant when this happened. One month was spent in the hospital.

Finally she gave birth to her child. It was daughter. The remaining hope to live was lost for Anushka. She remembered what the caller had told regarding daughter. Aamir had straightaway accused the child to be a bastard. 'Had you been in Saudi Arabia, you would have been stoned to death for infidelity, you whore,' he screamed. 'I will make her reach the place she deserves. You just wait and watch.' His words tore apart her heart.

Two more years had passed. Due to continuous torture, confinement and stress, she fell ill. She was diagnosed with TB. She once weighed 65 Kg. Now she was 28. She survived another time. Medicines worked.

Anushka gave birth to her second child - a baby boy. By now, Aamir had tried everything on her. She was made to share a bed with almost every male in his family. His father, uncle, brothers, cousins and friends. Nobody knew whose child it was. Aamir was clear, both children belong to a brothel. Bastards had

no place in his family.

The purpose with Anushka was over now. Another woman from non-believers was taught a lesson. She had been shown the real place of idolaters. Who cares if she converted under pressure? She rebelled once and that is enough for the lifetime punishment. A whole lineage of idolaters was terminated. An idolater was made sex-slave and raped for years. The Almighty of the holy book will be happy. There will be a paradise of the highest order for a fighter like Aamir. Fighter of Almighty. Fighter of true religion. Fighter who showed filthy idolaters their place.

It was time to move on. Aamir went to her room for one last time. She was lying on bed breastfeeding her infant who was hardly 2 months. Aamir pushed the infant aside and forcibly sucked her breasts. She opposed for the sake of the child who was now crying. Without bothering, he penetrated her for one last time. And then he remembered how Prophet hit his wife on her chest. It was the time to emulate the best man ever on earth and get rewarded with browny points for the afterlife. He bit her nipple with his teeth so hard that a part of it was separated from rest of the breast. Blood gushed out almost like a fountain.

She cried in unbearable pain. Aamir was smiling with face reddened by her blood as he had left the similar permanent mark on her chest for a lifetime as his idol once did. 'Allah' was still engraved on her chest.

He left the room while the two screams were getting louder and louder. The SMS alert of Talaq Talaq Talaq message from Aamir on Anushka's phone was buried under her screams.

23

THE REVELATIONS

TIA had finally got hold of Aamir. Anushka was his 3rd wife. He had already ruined the life of two Anushkas before, almost in a similar fashion. He was part of the racket that trapped women from other religions for conversion and money. It was also revealed that

- The local MLA Mr Ansari was a staunch follower of his religion. However, he would strangely organise Dandiya, Holi and Diwali nights with free gifts for Hindu girls. Interestingly, the organising committee in all such nights would consist of all men from Mr Ansari's community. Strangely, this was the same community that is known for its hatred for Hindu temples, idolatry and worship. The community that called idolatry as gravest sin and idolaters as worst of creatures. Special gifts for girls were announced in all such nights.

- In every Dandiya season organised by MLA, 15 to 20 Anushkas were made to pair up with Aamirs by

organisers. Lot of Aamirs were funded for impressing Anushkas for Dandiya dance. Out of 20 cases, at least 14 to 15 would end up in love.

- Aamir was eyeing at Chachi (Sabina) for months even before their first encounter on Sushant's illness day.

- Aamir had a handful of armlets of which he gave one to Sushant on the same day. He would give it to people at right place and time telling them as his.

- Fakir of Ajmer had contacts with Aamir and his love-trap gang. Aamir had already informed him about everything of Sushant before the three actually visited Fakir in Ajmer. Dr Zaidi was part of the gang. There were hundreds of doctors like Zaidi who would direct innocent couples to Ajmer's Fakirs for conversion.

- Fakir had converted thousands of Hindus into Aamir's religion like Chachi who were in search of husbands/ wives/children/ wealth/health and various other desires.

- Aamir hated Sushant. Sushant's missing case was not random. Aamir murdered him after abducting him

from school. He beheaded him, chopped his body into pieces and had burnt everything in Qureshi's slaughterhouse's furnace

- Chachi/Sabina delivered Aamir's baby boy later.

- She was divorced by Aamir for refusing to share a bed with his friends. She apologised later. Aamir agreed to take her back. But now she couldn't be his wife simply. She had to marry another man and sleep with him for weeks on the assurance that he would give her divorce as per religious law of Halala. She could then remarry Aamir.

- The Fakir of Ajmer married her for fulfilling Halala process. However, the day of divorce never came. Fakir refused to divorce her. Her son remained with Aamir who was to sent to Madarsa for religious education in a few months.

- Anushka's Dadi Maa died of heart-attack last year. She couldn't stand the news of her beloved fairy getting converted to other faith and marrying an outside man.

- Deepika was abducted by Aamir's gang just after his marriage with Anushka. She was first trafficked to

Hyderabad where she was converted. She was then married off to a Saudi Shaikh for 7 days. He kept her naked all the time and tied her in the chain in his hotel room. He then took her to Saudi as his sex-slave for enjoyment. She was later sold to a brothel in UAE.

- Anushka's mother had committed suicide 2 weeks after former's forced marriage and Deepika's abduction.

- Anushka's father had gone mad. He could be found roaming on streets of Old Delhi with childhood pictures of her two daughters.

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THE END

Diary of Anushka, confessions of Sabina and Aamir, and TIA's investigation revealed everything. But where was Anushka? No one knew at TIA. The latest coordinates were found giving third degree to Aamir. After he divorced her, she was sold to an Arab Sheikh in Hyderabad for one-night marriage. Nobody saw her after that.

Yet another Anushka was gone. What had changed since Mughal era? Dolis of princesses, women and girls used to go to them then. Princesses, women and girls are going to them today too. What has changed? One thing. Now we don't know where our princesses are in most cases. Earlier we knew it.

Far from India, a woman was taking last breaths with heavy bleeding from chest lying half-naked on the floor of a royal palace somewhere in Saudi. No energy to even cry. A Sheikh had just punished her for her incomplete features. She was purchased as sex-slave recently from India. But she had a nipple

missing which she lost in a brutal assault by her ex-husband. Now she had no breasts. The Sheikh had just washed his hands and long dagger soaked in blood with which she was punished. 'Dump her,' the Sheikh ordered his slaves in anger. The lion's cage was opened from the top. Woman's screams were silenced by roaring beast.

While somewhere in India:

Priyanka was admiring herself in the mirror: 'I am sexy. Let me adjust the top a bit. The size is made just for me. Completely decent family dress and a slight tilt ahead to attract my love. I could have attracted anybody. But my Salman is different. He is naughty but decent. He loves me, not my body. He deserves to look inside. He is mine.'

The phone rang. 'Oh, God! Think of my love, and here he calls! Naught boy always comes to know when I am thinking dirty.'

Priyanka : Hello.

A heavy baritone voice.

Caller : Your life is in danger…

APPENDIX

Thousands of girls are missing. Not in legal books but in the family books. This book is a work of fiction. However, the incidents narrated herein are inspired by real-life cases which the author came across. The narrations are based on personal experiences victims shared with the author of this book. Thus, although the book is a work of complete fiction, the inspiration behind every word is real.

Here are several cases out of a few hundred that author has witnessed till date.

1. Tina Sharma (name changed), a national level shooter from India who happily got married to her friend Manjeet Sethi (name changed) in presence of her family. Only after marriage, Manjeet revealed his real identity 'Shaqibul Hasan Khan' (name changed). She was tortured for more than a month, locked in a dark room, cigarette smoke blown regularly on her face, forced to eat leftovers like a dog. Mother of Khan was actively involved. Tina was tortured because her beloved husband wanted her to convert to Islam and she refused. It is reported that Khan was

given a huge sum of money by some Jihadi organization to get married to her and later convert her.

She was pressurized to take back the allegations and refuse to recognise any religious angle. No legal aid was given to her. Indian Muslim leaders and Islamic Clerics stood in support of Raquibul Hasan Khan. Now, with no career, family and financial support, she is still fighting for justice.

2. An innocent girl Manisha (name changed) from Agra who was running her own boutique was in love with Ram Kumar (name changed) who always used to wear Tilak on his forehead. For Five years Manisha was physically involved with this guy. When she started insisting the guy to get married, she received the most terrible surprise of her life. Her first and only true love Ram Kumar was actually 'Farhat Khan' (name changed) and for all these years he successfully hid his identity by wearing a tilak, going to temple and behaving like a pious Hindu. Manisha was shocked by his deceit and refused to marry him. Infuriated by this, Khan threatened to destroy her life by sharing her morphed/private images and videos on social media. He also threatened to throw acid on her face when she refused to convert to Islam or withdraw the

case.

It is alleged that Khan was given a huge sum of money to trap kafir girls and he is merely one of those thousands who is given ample money for trapping non-muslim girls. The then government of UP refused to intervene and now the local human rights groups are helping her in the fight for justice.

3. A Hindu girl from Kolkata met Kashif (name changed) on Facebook and got impressed by his photos. They soon exchanged the numbers and an affair began. On Kashif's continuous requests she went to Patna to meet him. There, he sexually harassed her in a hotel room, convinced her not to report this to police and soon marry her. When she returned to Kolkata, she found herself being blackmailed by Kashif after he recorded their intimate hotel room incident. She went back to Patna, pleading him to marry her. There, next round of sexual harassment started. After few days he took her to his parents. On their demand, the process of her conversion to Islam began. Her becoming a Muslim was not enough. Kashif and her in-laws continued to torment her, forced her to eat beef and abused her Hindu faith in front of her all day to mentally harass her.

Gathering courage, she told this to her mother in Kolkata. Together they filed a complaint in police station. Accused are still not arrested.

4. Bharti (name changed) was befriended by her neighbour Waseem (name changed) a few years ago and during her final year in graduation, he started talking about goodness in Islam. He helped her get a job at nearby Madrasa and surprisingly Madrasa head was kind enough to immediately recruit a Hindu lady with no experience of Islamic studies bypassing all other candidates expert in same. Bharti was gang-raped by Madrasa head Ataullah (name changed), village head Shadab (name changed) and her friend Waseem. She was held captive in Madarasa in Hapur (UP), was regularly gang raped and was forced to convert to Islam. Pregnant Bharti was taken to a hospital in Muzaffarnagar where she was operated upon for removal of a fallopian tube. After the surgical removal, she was held captive in a Madarasa again in Mustafa colony where she came to know about plans of sending her abroad (Gulf countries) as a slave. She also came to know that many girls were being sent abroad in a similar fashion. She somehow managed to flee and reached Meerut and met her relatives.

The girl told the court that she was also forced to eat cow meat (beef) at a Muzaffarnagar Madarsa. She was lured to convert with the words 'Accepting Islam during Ramzan is heavenly', she said. And she was threatened that her brother would be killed if she did not convert.

The then UP government refused to acknowledge the case and the pseudo-liberal gang of India refused to support her. After the public outrage and pressure from politicians from different parties, the Uttar Pradesh police has woken up to the case from their deep slumber and swung into action. However, the girl is still with her rapist. She changed her narrative under pressure.

5. Harshita Saini (name changed) from Chakeri district UP, was preparing for competitive exams and coaching. She used to travel by city bus every day. During this, her friendship developed with bus owner Pappu Saini and with time, they both fell in love. One day, Harshita saw the driving licence of Pappu Saini and was shocked to know that his real name was 'Irshad Khan' (name changed). She immediately decided to break up with him, realising this, Khan called her to meet him one last time and gave

her a spiked cold drink. He took unconscious to his place, sexually harassed her, clicked her objectionable pictures and started blackmailing her. Meanwhile, she got the job in a bank after which he started to force her to marry failing which he threatened her with acid attacks. Later, she with her family filed a complaint at Chakeri Police Station.

Khan lost his case first in session court and then in High court. This was the first time when someone got convicted for such type of terrorism. However, destroying the life of a girl, blackmailing her and threatening to kill her costed him only 3 years of imprisonment and a penalty of Rupees 5,000.

6. Bhagvant Kaur (name changed) lost her husband in 2012 and lived with her daughter in Jalandhar. Some time back she met Shamshad Ahmad (name changed) resident of Anand Nagar. In no time, a friendship developed and one day Shamshad proposed her. For her, he was only a good friend so she refused him, later his mother and sister came to her and tried to convince her for marriage, and she again refused. Then one day, Shamshad raped her and forced her not to go to the police and marry him. Soon this became a regular affair. He regularly started making physical

relations with her and giving her false promises of marriage. One day she came to know that Shamshad is already married to someone. On asking about this, she got the answer that his religion allows polygamy and if she wants to marry him, she has to convert and live as 2nd or 3rd wife. She reported the incident to police and is still waiting for justice.

7. Kritika (name changed) was employed in a company where she met Guddu Shukla. They fell in love. Guddu started to get physical with her on the pretext of marrying her soon. One day after realizing she is pregnant, Kritika started to push him for marriage. And like many other cases, Guddu Shukla was identified as a Waqar Khan. Kritika filed a police complaint and Khan is on the run since then. The girl is fighting the case alone.

8. In this case, a guy Mushtaq Ali (name changed) hid his identity to get married to a Hindu girl. Ali was already married and this fact was hidden from the girl and even from his first wife. After some time of marriage, a girl came to know the fact and filed a complaint. During the case proceedings, the Judge from Gujarat High court passed this comment - 'You hid your religious identity to marry a Hindu girl. How

can you do such a heinous crime.' Judge rejecting the bail plea, commented 'How can I grant you bail? You were already married and still tried to trap a Hindu girl, you hid your identity and cheated her.' Court also commented that this kind of criminals shouldn't move freely in society as the crime is of severe nature and granting bail in such crimes can have major negative impacts on society.

9. An aunt and niece were living in Agra. Two guys Akram and Umar (both names changed) from Muzaffarpur came there for living and being neighbours they all started sharing good terms with each other. Guys introduced themselves as Ram and Shyam hence there was nothing to be worried about. On 11th August in the afternoon, both guys raped aunt and niece and kidnapped latter. Later they asked for Rs 40K ransom to release the girl. Victims approached Police. All they got was an assurance of action.

10. Riya (name changed) was a resident of Agra and 13 years old when her boyfriend convinced her to run away on promises of happy married life. Later it was revealed to the girl that the boy hid his true identity behind a Hindu name and he is actually Shamsuddin (name changed) from Hathras. The girl

then contacted her family and on their complaint, the guy was booked under POSCO act. A medical exam revealed that the girl was 2 months pregnant.

11. Himani (name changed), a resident of Sirsa, Haryana was a school going girl. A guy Muhammad Haq (name changed) introduced himself to her family as Radheshyam and started motivating the family to go for some spiritual healing sessions. One day when Himani was returning home from her school, Muhammad kidnapped her and took her to a nearby Dargah where he raped her. From there, she was taken to Delhi where she was raped repeatedly by a gang and then converted to Islam. Later, they forcefully got her married to a guy Mukhtar (name changed). There she was forced to wear a Burkha and even when police recovered her, she was in a burkha. Prime culprit Muhammad was the resident of Kishangarh. This was also revealed in an investigation that he had raped many other non- Muslim ladies and forcefully converted them to Islam earlier.

12. Another Jihadi ruined an innocent girl in Ghaziabad. The fraud husband not only tortured her but even did not spare daughter from his lust. He married her in a fake name and then showed his true

colours. Girls are requested to make detailed inquiry before making the most important decision in life. The matter is currently in the court.

13. Victim : Bharti from Ajmer (name changed, Rajasthan)

Guy : Waseem Khan from Kota (name changed, Rajasthan)

Victim girl & boy, both were in the same college. The girl informed her senior that the boy used to ill-treat her. The girl had physical relations with the boy. The senior did counselling of victim for 2.5 months. She came out of the trap & gained full confidence in herself. The guy had recordings of their intimate moments and he prepared videos of their physical act. He also tried to contact & seduce the victim's sister also. But all his attempts failed. Waseem Khan attacked her senior but was handled with iron hand. Bharti is out of danger now.

14. Victim : Bhavya, Somewhere in Bihar (name changed)

Guy : Musa alias Mishy (name changed)

Bhavya (a minor) ran away with the boy in name

of love. Soon, the administration came into action and Musa is now in jail. The girl is at her home and her counselling is going on.

15. Victim : Geetika (name changed)

Guy : Ritesh aka Mushtaq Khan (name changed)

Place : Bhilwara, Rajasthan

Both the victim and the culprit belong to the same city. Geetika belonged to a rich family. Khan deceived her by presenting himself as Hindu. Later, she came to know that he lied about his religion. They first met in coaching classes. Had physical relation. To fool her, he also went to Mandir to offer flowers.He never told about his family nor did he introduce them to the victim. They had planned to run away from home for marriage. After a long counselling sessions, the girl finally came out of the trap.

16. Victim : Srishti Das

Guy : Iman

Place : Somewhere in Himachal

Man created fake FB profiles of Srishti first. He then maligned her with nude morphed pictures and

dirty posts and comments about her in public. Girl traumatised. The family of victim scared as he was threatening acid attack.

Current status : Counselling of girl is going on.

Legal & Police aid provided.

17. Victim : Menka Bhasin (name changed, minor, 14 yrs. Old, student of 9th standard)

Place : Somewhere in Delhi

The victim had an affair with a guy, who deceived her with a fake name Aakar Sharma. They met through FB. Later, the girl was abducted on her way to school & sold twice for flesh trade. She was searched and rescued by human rights groups with the help of Police. The girl was rescued after one week from Jammu.

18. Victim : Shreya (name changed)

Place : Somewhere in Jharkhand

9th standard girl. Was kidnapped by Shaheer (name changed) & his friends from a village in Jharkhand. The girl's family was threatened & traumatised by the offenders who had political backing also. Yet again,

human rights activists sought legal & political help for her rescue. At the end, she was reunited with the family. She was recovered from Surat (Gujarat).

19. Victim : Jyoti (name changed), 27 yrs old from some place in Chhattisgarh

She contacted Agniveer to inform that her boyfriend was forcing her to wear Hijab/Burkha. She wanted to ask if she could really find love in such relationship or she should save herself. Agniveer counselled her.

Result : Today, the girl is free from his clutches and is leading a happy life.

20. Victim : Sukriti Mishra (name changed)

Guy : Raqib ul Islam (name changed)

Place: Somewhere in Assam

The girl was kidnapped by the guy who was a businessman by profession. With the help of human rights activists and active involvement of Agniveer, the girl was rescued safely and was reunited with the family.

Current status : Counselling is on for the girl.

And there are thousands of such cases. Hardly 1 in 100 gets reported. The only question is, if this crime has no religion, why do all culprits in such cases come from a single religious community? In the words of NIA, there is a sinister design to trap innocent girls to convert them to the other faith and then using them in terror acts.

Love is above religions. But survival is above love.Remember this always.

USEFUL LINKS

All the verses, sayings and Hadiths used in this work have been taken from the most widespread sources of Islamic literature.

1. Here are some of the references one can check online.

http://www.altafsir.com/

http://quran.com

http://sunnah.com

Some news reports of mass radicalization of youth and deceitful conversions of Non-Muslim girls, abduction, rape and killing are following.

2. Love Jihad in UK covered by Hindustan Times.

Sikh Council in UK recognizes Love Jihad as a threat against lives of Sikh girls as a planned conspiracy by Islamic organizations against non-muslim girls.

http://www.hindustantimes.com/punjab/love-jihad-uk-sikh-girls-exploitation-worries-takht/

story-6awkCCoAHZDu627o9FIfrN.html

3. Reward list for trapping girls of different Hindu Communities for converting en masse went viral on Whatsapp among Jihadi groups and individuals:

An Islamic body offering rewards to Muslim Youth. Examples: 5 lakh for trapping Brahmin Hindu Girl, 6 Lakh for trapping Punjabi Hindu Girl, etc.

http://zeenews.india.com/news/gujarat/rs-7l-for-sikh-girl-rs-5l-for-a-brahmin-love-jihad-whatsapp-message-goes-viral-in-gujarat_1854149.html

4. In 5 years, 6000 reported cases of conversion to Islam in Kerala only (With no such conversion from Islam to other religions)

http://timesofindia.indiatimes.com/city/thiruvananthapuram/Nearly-6000-converted-to-Islam-in-Kerala-in-5-years-Report/articleshow/53220317.cms

5. Rampant Recruitment of Muslim youth into Islamic State and Large-scale trapping of non-muslim girls through Love Jihad in Kerala.

http://www.newindianexpress.com/opinions/2016/jul/23/Kerala-fertile-ground-for-IS-and-love-jihad-943255.html

6. A Muslim guy who converted 800 into Islam in Mumbai arrested for having terror connections with extremist Islamic groups.

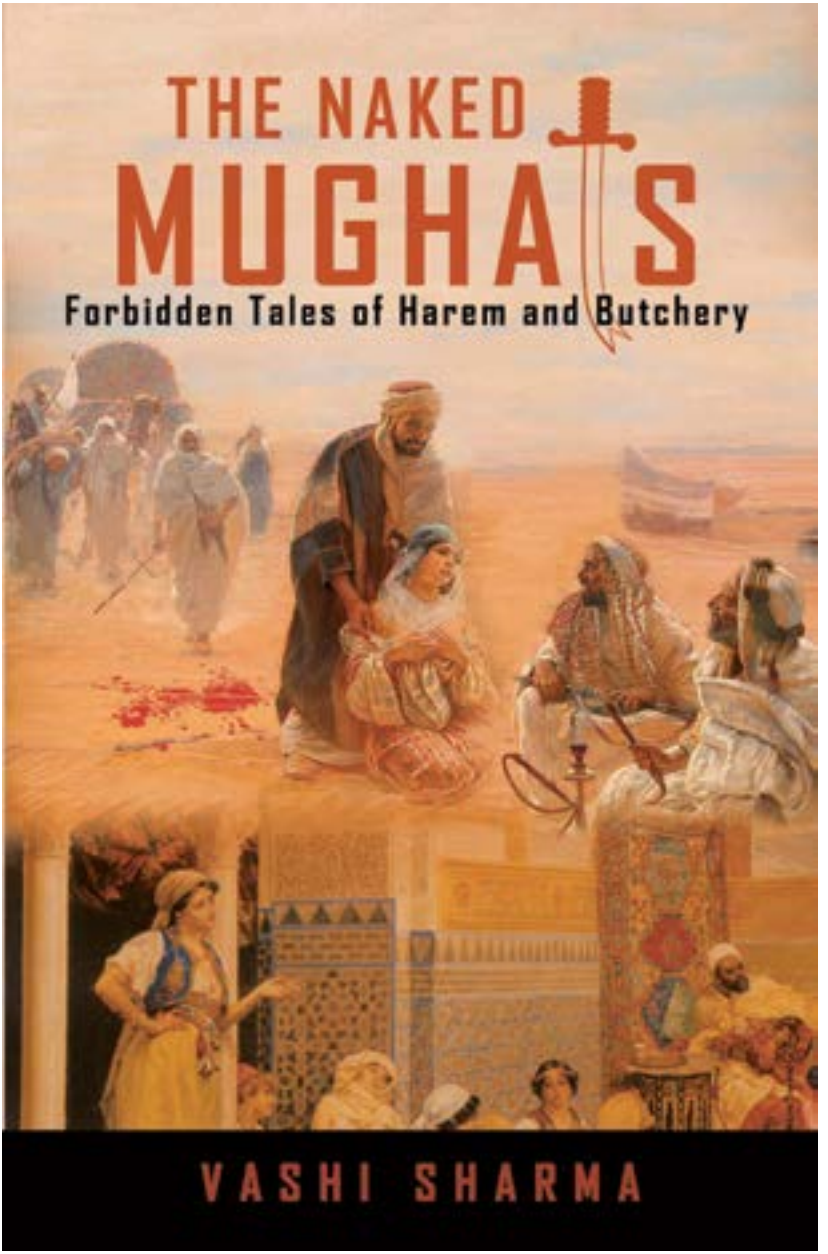
http://timesofindia.indiatimes.com/india/Arrested-Mumbai-youth-converted-800-to-Islam/articleshow/53359300.cms

7. Racket that sells Hindu women to ISIS.

https://timesofindia.indiatimes.com/city/kochi/bid-to-sell-hindu-woman-to-isis-man-untraceable-says-police-nia-ready-to-probe/articleshow/61867851.cms

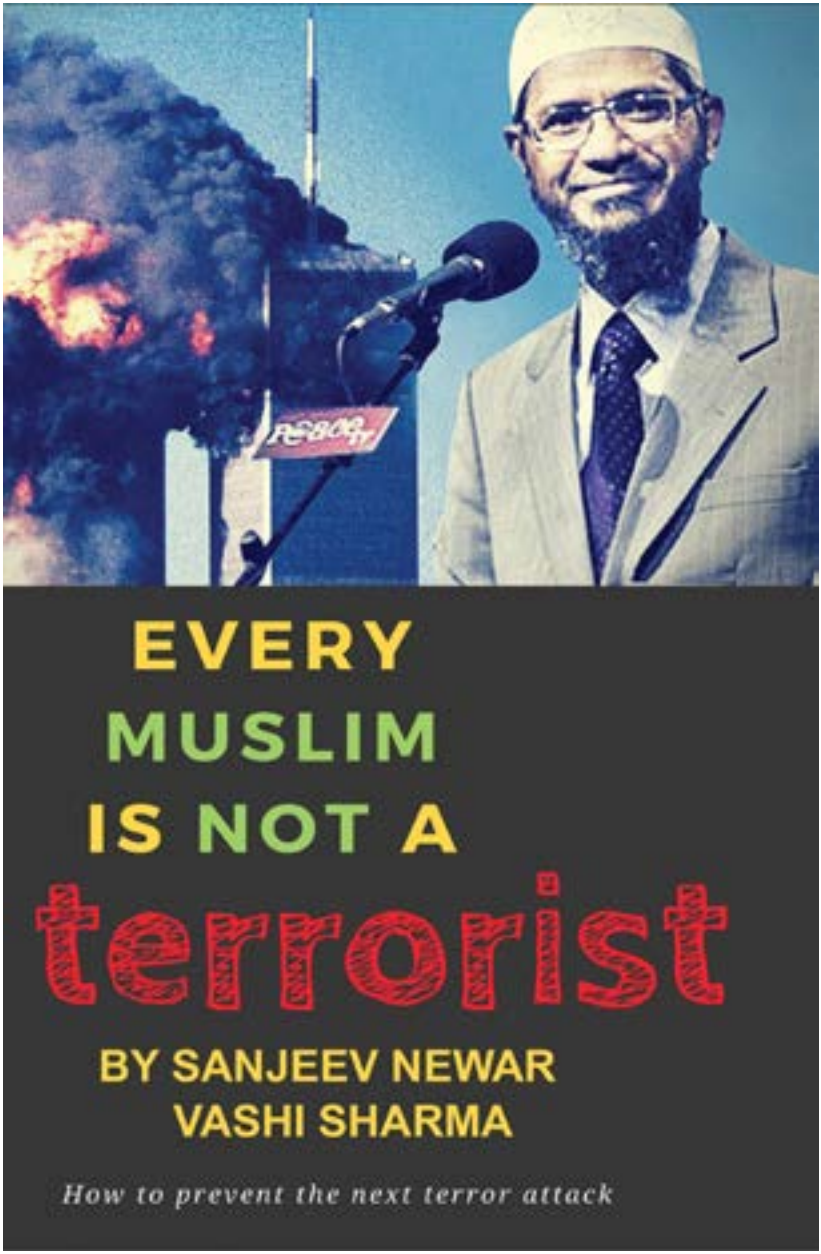
EYE OPENING BOOKS THAT INSPIRED AUTHOR

THE NAKED MUGHALS



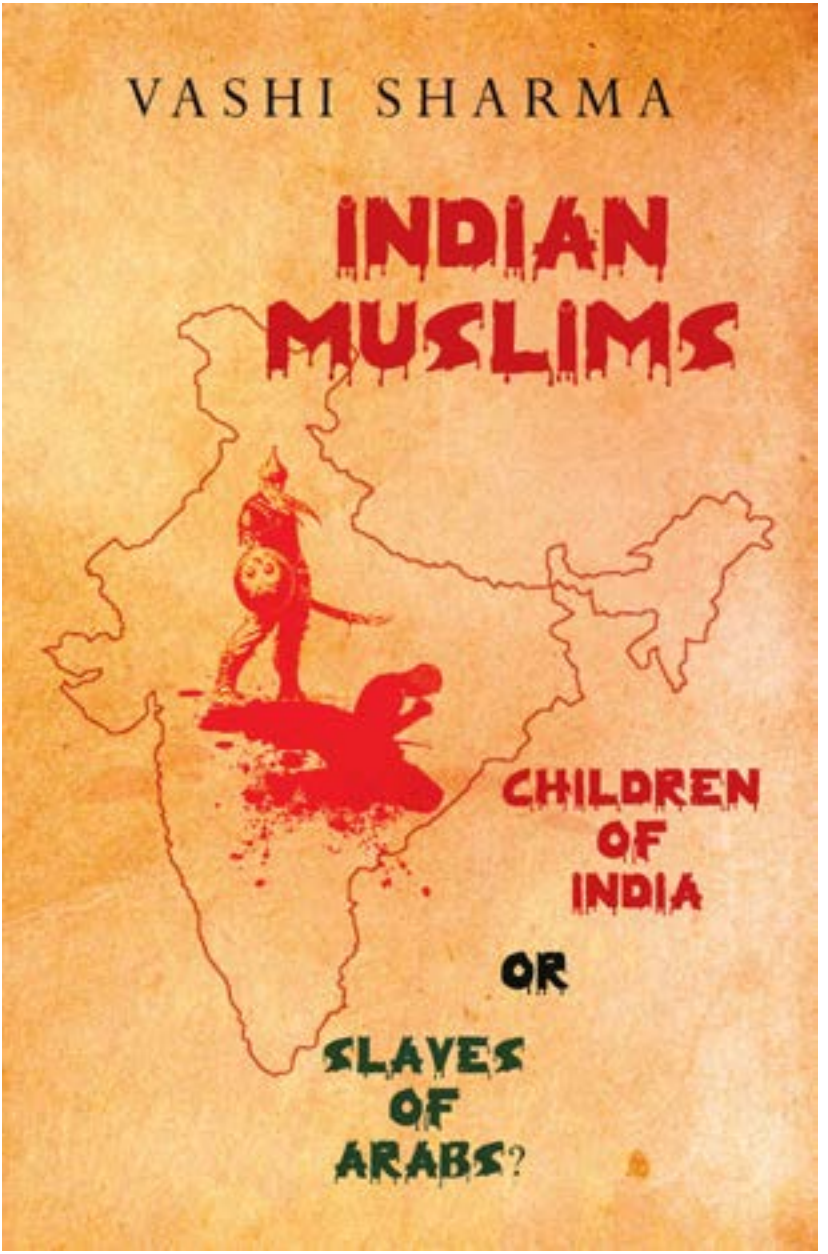
http://agniveer.com/books/the-naked-mughals/

EVERY MUSLIM IS NOT A TERRORIST



http://agniveer.com/books/every-muslim-is-not-a-terrorist/

INDIAN MUSLIMS - CHILDREN OF INDIA OR SLAVES OF ARAB?



http://agniveer.com/books/indian-muslims-children-india-slaves-arabs/